

# The TATLER

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London  
Dec. 7, 1932



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*Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

## THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

(Inset) THE DUKE OF LEINSTER



The new Duchess of Leinster, whose marriage took place at the Savoy Chapel on December 1, was formerly Mrs. Clare Van Neck, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Paterson of Park Avenue, New York. The wedding was a very quiet one, and only about half-a-dozen people were present in the church. The bride was given away by Lord D'Abernon and the Duke's best man was Lord Henry FitzGerald, who is an uncle of His Grace





HUNTING WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR FROM WEETON

Anning

A group consisting of (from left to right) Mr. P. C. Oldfield, Mrs. Aykroyd, Dr. M. Oldfield, Miss Margaret Lane-Fox, daughter of Colonel Lane-Fox, and her cousin, Miss Joan Lane-Fox, Major Edward Lane-Fox's daughter. Mr. Oldfield is Master of the Oxford University drag



Lenarc

THE HON. MRS. BRUCE OGILVY

The marriage of pretty Miss Primrose O'Brien to Lord Airlie's brother was one of Ireland's big social events last year. Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy used to be an Equerry to the Prince of Wales and is an exceedingly popular person. He and his wife live in Buckingham Gate when they are not at Airlie Castle

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.  
**M**Y DEAR,—The little problem of our debt to America has been casting its shadow in the drawing-rooms and over the dining-tables of Mayfair. Everybody wants to have something to say about it, but, unfortunately, nobody has anything very helpful to say. So it has had to be left to the experts and the politicians. Still, I can't help wondering (though probably the idea is quite unsound) just how many millions of dollars could be raised if every single one of us holding American securities were made to give them up in exchange for their sterling value on, let us say, Friday next.

Probably that's an even sillier idea than I thought when I started. So I will hurry on to those matters which are more within my province. Things are going on much as usual. After all, the unemployed of Mayfair have to be amused and fed, and there have been several parties of one kind or another. The most spectacular of the newly-engaged couples and their parents generously took on the feeding of six dozen or so. And one hears of great heartburnings among some who were left out even after the most importunate attempts to invite themselves.

Then again there have been various amusing little gatherings and a fancy dress dance at Claridges, and we have had the usual number of in-aid-of functions. There was a packed

house at the Regal for *The Return of Raffles* film, when the Prince of Wales was the chief attraction. He arrived a few minutes late and sat down between Lady Oxford and Lady Londonderry.

The large audience included all those who had been at the "Come and Be Filmed" Ball, eager, of course, to see whether the public would be so impressed by their qualities that it would demand their instant promotion from obscurity to stardom. And among the many pretty programme sellers were Miss Rosamund Hornby, who had only got back two days earlier from a motor tour through Italy, and Miss Horlick, who is off next week with her mother and stepfather to spend the rest of the winter in Egypt. After the performance was over Lady Dorothy MacMillan gave a large supper party at the Splendide.



Arthur Owen

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT AND LADY PATRICIA MOORE

Supping with a friend at that popular night haunt, the Gargoyle Club. Lord Drogheda's daughter has lately joined the working classes and is busy in a book-shop, where her high-brow tendencies should stand her in good stead

Lady Birkenhead's dinner at the Savoy on Tuesday was a very well attended and amusing affair, much enlivened by the discourses of such well-known speakers as Sir Patrick Hastings, Lord Birkenhead, and



Mr. Randolph Churchill. One doubts whether Lord Birkenhead's ironical attack on Mr. Churchill was *quite* in the best of taste, and whether Mr. Churchill's reply was quite as amusing to the audience in general as it was to a small and very youthful group of his own personal friends! But Lady Carisbrooke spoke clearly and charmingly, Lady Linlithgow's diffidence was most appealing and a bevy of beauty, headed by Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Margaret Whigham, and Miss Jeanne Stourton, passed the hat round so effectively that the charity benefited to the extent of over £4,000.

The children of the Ritz are showing little signs of starvation as yet, for of the crowds who come in at cocktail time to "wait" for friends (?) only a very few go away lunchless. Mrs. Simon Brand, who is over for a little time from Paris, has been entertaining nobly. She is looking younger and smarter than ever. In fact, she and Madame Chanel, who is over here on business connected with her semi-precious stone jewellery scheme, are wearing now what the smartest of the rest of us will be wearing in the spring.

The Ritz prize for originality and courage goes to Lady Blandford, who turned up the other day in a determinedly country get up, which included a spotted scarf and woolly tam-o'-shanter, and the prize for the largest diamond clip was unanimously awarded to Mrs. Claude Leigh. Her dark green velvet hat was almost concealed by a brooch the size of a soup plate. It was very lovely, but perhaps a little over exuberant.

Another person I ran into at the same place was Mr. Henry vom Berge, a young American who is one of the less idle of the idle rich. He spends quite a lot of time designing cheap toys for children. Toys which they can make for themselves by folding on the dotted line. He has just finished a paper doll's house complete with furniture, and is just starting on the garage and stables. He has also designed some of the best real motor bodies I have ever seen. Mr. vom Berge started with the idea of being a diplomat, and when he found that the life did not appeal to him he had the sense to give it up. His friends are much intrigued by the fact that his apartment in Paris is the house in which Marat lived, and his dining-room the room in which he died. He says that it is haunted by both Marat and Charlotte Corday.

Have you noticed that, notwithstanding all London's changes in the past few years, there is an enduring quality about some of our London hostesses? The new German Ambassador is reported to have said that during his first twenty-four hours here he found himself lunching and dining with the very same people he lunched and dined with twenty years ago when he was one of the young secretaries at the Embassy.



GLORIA SWANSON AND HER HUSBAND, MR. MICHAEL FARMER

London so frequently entertains angels unawares, and unless you possess the photographic mind you do not always recognize a celebrity when you may be sitting at the next table perhaps to she, he, or it! This picture of one of the world's most brilliant film stars and her husband was captured in London supper-time last week



ENGAGED: LADY JOAN VILLIERS AND MR. DAVID COLVILLE

It is now announced that the wedding of Lady Joan Villiers and Mr. David Colville, whose picture is on the left, will take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on January 21. Lady Joan Villiers is the elder of Lord Jersey's two sisters. Mr. David Colville is a son of the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia Colville



AT SANDOWN LAST WEEK

The day that the Kempton card was run at this course, and there was such a nasty mix-up in the selling hurdle race—see picture on p. 397. In the snapshot are the Hon. Mrs. Oscar Guest, a sister-in-law of Lord Wimborne, Major Mulholland, Lady Beaumont, and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, her sister

I'm afraid we can't say the same about shooting party hostesses and hosts. So few can afford to go on rearing pheasants now. But there are just a few, and Lord Cowdray, who has had several big week-end shoots at Cowdray Park, is one of them. He can average about 500 head a day. Among his recent guests have been Colonel and Mrs. Leatham, who are back now in their delightful house in Gloucester Place.

Young Sir Michael Duff Assheton Smith had a party last week-end down at Vaynol, where he entertained his brother-in-law and sister, Colonel and Mrs. Edward Tennant, Lady Oxford, Mr. Michael Renshaw, Lord Sudeley, and Miss Christie Miller. He, too, has returned to London, and is in the house in Chapel Street which he takes from Violet Duchess of Rutland. His book, I notice, has not yet reached the publication stage.

Another shooting party was given by the Charlie Winns at Nostall Priory, a lovely eighteenth-century house, built in the Palladian style, not far from Wakefield. Chippendale was house carpenter there for many years and left some wonderful furniture which was not, I gather, banished to the attics during the darkest ages of the Victorian era.

The star guns invited to shoot over Mr. Winn's moors included

(Continued overleaf)



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

the Grand Duke Dmitri, Sir Henry Birkin, Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, and Lord Charles Cavendish. Lady Charles Cavendish came with her husband. Ireland has claimed an unfairly large share of her time since she married, and we all hope to see more of her in London during the winter. Her gaiety is so infectious.

With so many young engaged couples about we are hearing a great deal about wedding plans and honeymoon plans. Miss Angela du Boulay and Mr. Iain Murray, who are getting married next week, are off to Italy and will spend some days with Sir Ronald Graham at the British Embassy in Rome. And Miss Diana Churchill and Mr. Bailey have decided on Madeira, where they will be sure of getting warm and sunny weather. I hear that Reid's has been newly decorated and that the place is



AT THE ST. ANDREW'S EVE BALL AT THE DORCHESTER

H.H. the Princess Alexander of Greece, Captain Geoffrey Courtney, and two others whose names the camera failed to catch. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York were present at this very cheery celebration

expected to be very full this winter. Two people who have already gone are Miss Penelope Dudley Ward and her young uncle, Mr. Charlie Birkin, who is recuperating after an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Sheila Beddington starts for the East next Wednesday with her father, Colonel Claude Beddington, for her wedding to Lord Powerscourt's heir, Mr. Mervyn Wingfield, is to take place in Jerusalem. The honeymoon will be spent on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, in the house which Lady Erleigh is lending them, and there they will stay till the end of January. After that they will return to England, for Mr. Wingfield is giving up his job in the Palestine Constabulary to take up business here.

The flying Earl, Lord Bandon, and his fiancée, Miss Betty Playfair, have been more rushed about than most of the other engaged couples. They only got back from Kenya last week, and intend to return there to be married some time towards the end of February. Meanwhile Lord Bandon, who is a flight-lieutenant of the R.A.F., attached to headquarters at General Duties Branch in Egypt, seems to be kept as hard at it here as he is out there. He and his fiancée have been spending most of their time on the road between London and Andover.

Kenya looks like having a fair number of visitors out from England again this winter. Sir Delves Broughton has already flown there. The Paul Munsters are due to start on the first day of the New Year. The more the better for the colony, since it is financially depressed like the rest of us. Of the regular Kenya inhabitants, Major Claude Reynard has now gone back after six months in England, most of which was spent

up at Sunderlandwick, his place in East Yorkshire. He is taking out two new young managers for his farms, so that before long, with himself and the manager already out there, he will have a complete polo team. Mrs. Reynard, his very attractive wife, who arrived over with him in May, is not going back until February, as she has been in the hands of the doctors ever since she came to England.

The general trend seems more eastward than westward on the whole. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys are off, not this time to Arabia, which they know so well, but to North Africa. And Lady Milford Haven and her sister-in-law, Lady Louis Mountbatten, have been trekking together in the Near East ever since September. They were in Persia up to the beginning of last week, but on Monday they flew from Bagdad to Jerusalem, where they planned to stay for a few days.

One of the few people to go westward last week was a young man I know who sailed in the *Majestic*. He had been looking forward tremendously to his trip, which was only to be a short one, until he discovered just what was expected of him by his friends. One young woman asked him to take over a dozen pairs of velvet evening gloves for one person, and another gave him two dozen gramophone records for another. But the worst commission of all was the bronze cast of one of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt's hands made by Mr. Merritt, the sculptor, to be delivered to that lady. I fear he will have had some trouble from the Customs officials, for there seemed no possibility of his convincing them that it could be for personal use!

There are two big balls coming, one next week which I have been asked



AND ALSO AT THE ST. ANDREW'S EVE BALL

The names round the table from the right starting from Sir Archibald Weigall, who is on the left of the picture, are: Lady Doris Gunston, who is a daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and married Captain Derrick Gunston, the member for the Thornbury Division of Gloucestershire, Lord Jersey, Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Priscilla Weigall, Mr. Hugo Brassey, Captain Bromley-Davenport, Captain Derrick Gunston, and Lady Jersey

to tell you about. One is "The Sunshine Ball," for which Lady Weigall has lent her house in Hill Street on Wednesday night. Its object is to raise funds for the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, and there are many inducements to the public to take tickets. One is that the tickets are only 17s. 6d. each to include everything, Douglas Byng and all. And another is that three out of these tickets will entitle the holder to a 35-guinea cruise in the Mediterranean. "The Silver Rose" Ball on the following night at the Carlton is for the National Society of Day Nurseries. The tickets for this are 2 guineas, but for that you get a champagne dinner to begin with, a running buffet until three in the morning, and an all star cabaret show.—Yours ever, EVE.



## CLOTHES-CONSCIOUS AT CLARIDGE'S

Society Dresses Up for Georgina Lady Sholto Douglas' Dance

LORD PLYMOUTH GREETSS  
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITHMR. ADEANE AND LORD  
AND LADY WALERANTHE BEPLUMED HOSTESS:  
GEORGINA LADY SHOLTO  
DOUGLAS AND CAPTAIN PAGET

The staging of a fancy-dress ball with no charitable cause in view—beyond that of providing guests with a free night's entertainment—is unusual nowadays, in London at any rate. Georgina Lady Sholto Douglas had this good notion at Claridge's last Wednesday, and her friends showed their approval by making some super sartorial efforts. Lord Plymouth as a Crusader, Lord Waleran as a Chinese Mandarin, Lady Waleran as a B.C. Egyptian Princess, all deserved the highest marks. Mr. Robert Adeane had been lazy, but Captain L. G. Paget's Sheik was particularly praiseworthy



THE HON. EDWARD BIGHAM AND LORD AND LADY O'NEILL



HARLEQUIN IN LUCK

The Hon. Guy Charteris, with the Hon. Mrs. Llewelyn Davies (left) and the Hon. Mrs. John Barran. Lord Ruthven's daughters decided just to come as the Ruthven Twins, though of late they have rather given up the habit of dressing alike. Lady Mary Strickland, who had gone to Circassia for inspiration, looked very decorative, and so did her niece, Lady O'Neill, the Hon. Guy Charteris' daughter



LADY MARY STRICKLAND

Photographs by Swaabe



# THE CINEMA : Gaumont Disappoints

## By JAMES AGATE

FOR once in a way the New Gallery let me down rather badly. It is very, very rarely that I have spent a dull evening there, and I turned in the other night in haphazard fashion but in good expectancy. The film is not a portentous business like the theatre and should not be so regarded. "Here's a church. Let's get married," said Mr. Wemmick. Similarly one ought to be able to say: "Here's a cinema. Let's go in and enjoy ourselves." So on that evening I just popped in with what melancholy result you shall read. I am sorry for this because the management of the New Gallery and that of the Empire, of the Regal, and of the Marble Arch Pavilion form in my experience a conspiracy of friendliness towards the film critic, who is really delighted when he is not treated as a pickpocket hanging about cinema-doors without visible means of subsistence.

The first thing I noticed on opening the monumental souvenir-programme was the words: "*After the Ball*, adapted by H. M. Harwood." But adapted from what? Even the reproducers of "The Monarch of the Glen," "Her Mother's Voice," and "The Soul's Awakening," and of clumps of young women sitting pinkly on alabaster terraces did not style their works "engraved after" and then omit the painter's name. Somebody, whether it be distraught virgin or senile pander, must have put together that unexampled bosh to which Mr. Harwood has brought his pen and reputation. That this story has been screened is no reason for screening its author. The story begins with a conference of the League of Nations which cannot decide a question of naval armaments until the arrival of a King's Messenger, one Jack Harrowby. Let me at this point quote the programme: "While the League waits, Jack, an arrant flirt, has been dallying with a fair unknown, with the result that the railway coach containing his luggage (*sic*) has been detached for Geneva, while he is bound for Aix. Clad only in dressing gown and pyjamas, he awakens to a sense of responsibility. A train attendant, used to such affairs, fits him out with a suit of chess-board checks, and Jack awaits the train's first stop, in order that he may get to Geneva. While this is happening Peter Strange, a diplomat, is greeting his wife good morning. Elissa Strange, although deeply in love with her husband, is regretting she ever married a diplomat. She is of a pleasure-loving disposition; affairs of state, she finds, come before pleasure. She extracts a promise from her husband that he will take her to the masked ball that evening . . ." But I cannot continue in detail. Peter, of course, cannot go to the ball, and so Elissa arranges to be chaperoned by her maid. During the dancing Jack, who does not know that Elissa is Peter's wife, makes love to her. She refuses to unmask, and when Jack pursues her home she still refuses. Presently she leaves the room to feed the canary or something and returning still masked appears to be of a more coming-on disposition, to the extent of permitting him to kiss a mole on her shoulder-blade, in which delicate employ he is interrupted by home-coming Peter. Escaping by the balcony Jack leaves on the branches of a tree a handbag belonging to the wife of the Minister for Albuera and containing the seal with which that Minister is proposing to sign the Treaty. There is a hullabaloo when next day the Minister cannot find his seal, and Jack being sent to look for it is invited to begin his search with cocktails at Peter's house

where he recognizes certain of the furniture while there is something about his hostess which is familiar as well. In the meantime he has boasted of his conquest to Peter who now discovers the whole thing and challenges Elissa with unfaithfulness. In this he is wrong, for Elissa did *not* slip out to feed the canary but to change clothes and mask with her maid whose mole it was that infatuated Jack. (After which I could desire the printer to place eleven exclamation-marks.) J'ever hear such nonsense?—as my Lord Castlewood might have asked. The answer is—Never outside the fashionable light comedy of the English stage, though even that fainting industry would fall into utter swoon if this were the best that its playwrights could marshal! This film is indeed what I should describe as "luggage."

Now Mr. Milton Rosmer who directs this mush is not wholly to be blamed, because he may have been ordered to direct it and the story may have been none of his choosing. A rude person might ask the Gaumont Co. Ltd. whether the "limited" refers to the brains among its higher directorate. I deny this. I believe that every director of this company is clever enough to have realized that this story is complete rubbish. The much more difficult point presumably was to decide whether it was the kind of rubbish which the public want to see. But the implication here constitutes an old error. The public does not want to see rubbish *quâ* rubbish, but is frantic to see film-stars even if it means swallowing the rubbish in which they alone will consent to appear. If the film-stars are absent, why then I believe the public would as soon see a good picture as a bad one! Now I cannot conceive that there are many English film stars. As for the women, there are none. As for the men, the only star-comedian who could have done anything with the leading part in this film is Mr. Jack Buchanan. Messrs. Lynn and Walls would have invested the lover and husband with adorable buffoonery. But the whole point of the film is the hero's happy gracelessness, like that which Lamb tells us was possessed among the actors of his day only by Jack Bannister. To-day only Mr. Buchanan can take us for this airing out of the diocese of a strict conscience. Mr. Basil Rathbone is a good actor, but he has not the insouciance which prevents us from realizing that his hanger upon petticoats is a cad. One feels that at a pinch Mr. Rathbone



OWEN NARES AND BENITA HUME IN "DISCORD"

This Paramount British film, with these two clever people in the lead, has just been finished at Elstree, and immediately after it Benita Hume left for Hollywood to fulfil another contract. One of her recent stage successes was in "Party," in which the character she played was generally held to be a caricature of a famous American actress

could play Charles Surface whereas Mr. Buchanan would be content to pinch and let Sheridan go hang. I do not know as yet whether Miss Esther Ralston is a good actress or a bad. I only know that though very pretty she is not pretty enough to make us look for imbecility in the character portrayed. Again, I am a great admirer of that good actress, Miss Marie Burke, and am disheartened that the distortion of the screen should make all that wit and vivacity appear grotesque. That fine character-player, Mr. Clifford Heatherley, plays a buffoon without becoming really funny, and the best performance comes from Mr. George Curzon who enacts the husband. In other words this silly story, acted by responsible talent instead of irresponsible genius, is a disappointment, all the graver for the great promise and more than promise held out by *Rome Express*. This view was, I think, shared by the half-empty house. I hope the Gaumont Company will consider a maxim which I now propound. It is—*aut* Constance Bennett *aut* a good story.



## NOT SO SERIOUS AS IT LOOKED

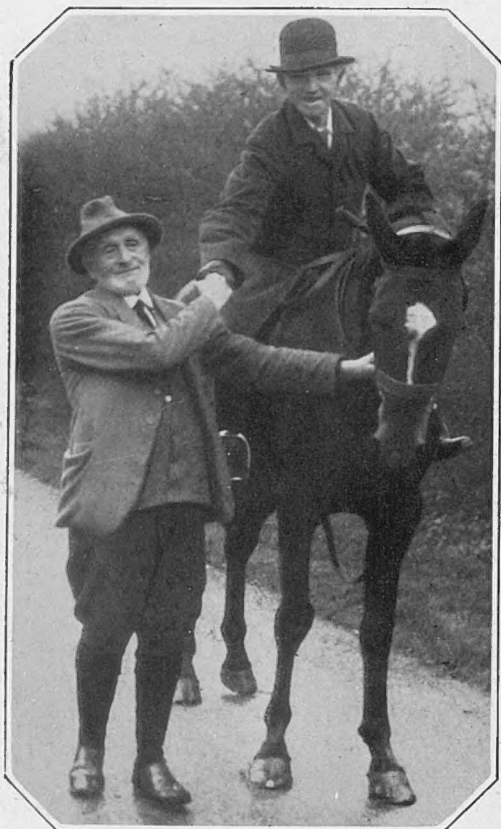


THE APPALLING MIX-UP AT THE FIRST FLIGHT IN THE HURDLE RACE AT SANDOWN LAST WEEK

By rights almost all of the seven who got into trouble in the Barnes Three-year-old Selling Hurdle race ought to have been laid out for good, but as is so often the case the worse a fall looks the less is the damage done. Only poor little Loftus, who rode Dibson whose fall caused all the trouble, was seriously hurt, and he was very lucky to get off with no worse injury than a dislocated hip—bad enough, it is true—but when you get six other horses besides your own on top of you the odds are pretty heavy. It was at first feared that Escott, who rode Artillery Brand, had broken a leg, as his foot was crushed into the stirrup-iron, but happily it was found to be only a bad bruise. Most of the other victims were temporarily stunned, but nothing worse. Everyone will wish Loftus as speedy a recovery as possible, but a bad smash like that must take time







TWO BADSWORTH VETERANS

Mr. Shaw, the "infantryman," has followed the Badsworth for seventy years, and Mr. Hoggarth, the "cavalryman," for sixty-three! Stout fellows indeed! Good luck to 'em!

Sickening to fall on the road and see your horse going away down it loose, but perhaps his (Christian!) namesake would have fallen too if he'd tried to stop it. "Jackie" again broke a bit of his hand jumping into a road and Ulrica falling on landing over a drop had hardly stopped rolling in time to dress for dinner.

On Saturday the Belvoir ran like they were scalded from the Rectory covert through Normanton to Foston, where they killed. The size of the initial obstacles thinned out the field and gave hounds a chance. Marge, turning the opposite way to her horse on landing, found nothing underneath her and arrived in a sedentary position in the road. She has been "slung" at table ever since.

The Cottesmore on the same day brought off a wonderful hunt from a patch of gorse near Manton to and through Wardley Wood up to Stoke End and back to Preston, where they killed. The Quorn weren't so lucky. On'y a handful of people out on Saturday in the best of the Monday country, and again on the Monday in almost the same locality the foxes found were depressingly deficient in B.O., and nothing much could be done. Pity for the Cheshire contingent down for the week. Their host, by the way, endeavoured to change himself from classic to *retroussé* without the aid of plastic surgery, but with just the branch of some old tree. No serious damage done.

Our best congratulations to Hester. Both are doing well, and Charles will no doubt soon be back with us to control a field which on Wednesday from Long Clawson got a bit unruly. A filthy wet, cold day on which hounds just couldn't really run with the two foxes they found in Hose thorns. Some people weren't so sorry; they had only one horse out.

#### A Leicestershire Letter

The last week's sport has with one pack or another been as good as one could wish. Beeby is never a promising meet with the Quorn, but hounds ran fast and well even if they didn't quite manage to pay back the Fernie inroad of the day before. The Leicester-Billesdon road was a death-trap, and in merely crossing it about four people slipped and fell, including Mrs. Straker, who seriously injured her leg.



Hugh Thomson

WITH THE EGLINTON AT CASTLEHILL, AYR  
Mr. Wilson telling Colonel T. C. Dunlop, who deputised for the Master, Lord Inverclyde, that he has a fox for him in the home coverts. Lord Inverclyde only took over this season

## From the Shires and Provinces

#### From the Beaufort

Sport for the last ten days or so has been only moderate, with the exception of that brilliant day on Saturday from Foxley Green. We never stopped running over the cream of the Saturday country. Let's hope the groom who was seen to dismount and push down that wall heard more of it!

The Yeomanry Ball was voted the best; excellent supper, "pop" and plenty of it, and it was well supported by our neighbours as well as most of Beaufortshire. Sorry to hear the major from Malmesbury had to "hike it" home in the early hours of the morning.

Tormarton, Friday, was a thick fog, but great fun for those who saw it.

On Tuesday, from Ashley, we all got a soaking, and that's about all, and the rest of the week's sport was just so-so. We were all glad to see the end of that twisting fox from Luckington Court on Saturday night. We are about due for a real good point like some of our neighbours seem to be having. Everyone is congratulating Marjorie Brassey upon her engagement. We think he is very lucky, and she will be greatly missed in Beaufortshire.

Once again we have been overcast with gloom by the tragic death of Major-General Alby Cator, who for many years has been a regular follower of this hunt, a very great soldier and sportsman, and we offer our deepest sympathy to his widow and relations.

#### From the Heythrop

It has been a week of wonderful sport and, what is more miraculous still, of wonderful weather, too. Monday at Pomfret Castle started the fun, and great fun it must have been for the happy few who got away with hounds; the principle of the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat is equally applicable to the nearer the hounds the better the hunt. However, a welcome drop of drink at Rignell made up for a great deal. Falls were numerous during the day. Our huntsman had a couple and the Death or Glory boys had three between the two of them, and as for our farmer friend on the grey horse, he was so unrecognizable that people were asking who the mud student was.

The meet on Friday at Wyck Hill House is a novel idea and the new owner is certainly to be congratulated on the admirable arrangements, as the drink had scarcely gone in before the fox went out. A splendid day followed and there were many dirty backs but none more dirty than the Major from Oddington, who looked a perfect example of an officers' mess. A brace of foxes were killed and a brace of women looked as if they would like to kill each other, too, when their respective bridles became entangled, but the husbands intervened and no blood was shed but only their bridles.

Before concluding these notes we would like to congratulate our secretary on his broadcasting talk from the B.B.C. on farming. Henceforward we shall not go home happy unless we hear "Good-night, everybody, good-night."

#### From the York and Ainsty

Very few people came out with the South pack at Stillingfleet on Thursday, November 24, as this isn't a popular district; however, after local hunting round Moreby in the morning, an obliging afternoon fox ran up-wind over a nice line of country where, years ago, the 18th Hussars held their point-to-point, so it was by no means a bad day after all.

(Continued on p. xxvi)





*Pool, Waterford*  
IN COUNTY WATERFORD: LADY PAUL  
AND HER SPORTING DAUGHTER, "RAI"



GUNNERS ON PARADE AT A MONMOUTHSHIRE MEET

*Truman Howell*

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Cadell, Captain H. Lambert, and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel J. L. C. White keeping a hunting appointment at Llanover last week. Colonel Cadell commands C Battery and Colonel White K Battery, R.H.A., stationed at Newport. They hunt regularly with the Monmouthshire Hounds, and so does Captain Lambert, the Adjutant of the 83rd Field Brigade



*Vyvan Poole, Dublin*  
GIVE AND TAKE: THE HON. MRS. MASSY AT KILMOON

## GOING HUNTING

Recent meets, both in England and across the Irish Channel, were the good reasons for these four photographs. When the Waterford kept their appointment at Sir Robert Paul's home, Ballyglan, his ten-year-old only child, Richenda Alice Ione ("Rai" for short) was enjoying herself exceedingly on a clinking good pony. Sir Robert used to be Master of the Gaultier Harriers, which hunted over part of East Waterford. The Hon. Mrs. Massy, the widow of Lord Massy's brother, is exceedingly well known both with the Meath and the Louth Hounds. She invariably carries some sugar in her coat pocket and her horse thinks this an admirable notion. Owing to the absence through illness of the Hon. Charles Wood, Lord Hugh Percy has lately been deputising for him as Master of "The House" beagles at Oxford



WITH THE CHRIST CHURCH BEAGLES:  
LORD HUGH PERCY, DEPUTY MASTER





MR. PETER TRAILL  
*Kay Vaughan*

Whose new novel, "Great Dust," is as definite a success as was his previous one, "The Cherry Tree," both published by Grayson and Grayson

species, it was several minutes before I could give a surreptitious glance at my companion, who had become the cynosure of all eyes. When finally I did, I too realized that something had indeed occurred. It was a *hat*. Such a hat as has surely never been seen anywhere else on earth outside a pantomime and, pray God, won't be seen in Heaven if the Elect are then to come into their Kingdom. It belonged to the family of sporting cap, but no sport could possibly survive it. The peak stretched out a good 12 in. from the forehead, and the sides bulged out to provide almost as much covering as an umbrella. Beneath this hat whiskers flew out in all directions, and descending by way of a butterfly bow one came to voluminous plus-fours in a shade of what the refined call cinnamon and the vulgar ginger. At first I thought that possibly the old gentleman was advertising something, or bringing a poor film at some local cinema to general notice. But I soon realized that this was not the case. This strange attire was the old gentleman's bid for contemporary fame, and his ambition was incontestably successful. I shared in the stupefaction of my fellow passengers in the 'bus, and after the stupefaction had become torn by pity for his possible lunacy, and amazement that he could have found any hatter to make such a monstrosity, I sat pensively wondering how easy it is in life to become a celebrity if the end be only what I will call "omnibus fame." One has only to break some kind of record at the moment, if it be only the record of being the most frightful "sight" in Piccadilly, immediately to achieve renown. From being exhibited in a tub on Blackpool sands, to needless breaking yet another record to Peking by air, present-day fame is one of the most curious things in this world of the most unaccountable curiosities. Whatever qualities one may possess, qualities are not enough. At all costs one must hit the public bang in the eye. One must have a "stunt." By his "stunts" a man shall become known—and it is even easier for a woman. Better be repulsive than negligible. As an author I often feel how useless it is to write yet another book when I could so easily live for

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Perfect Book of the Sea.

HE jumped on to the 'bus with surprising agility considering his seventy years, or round about that figure; and he sat down beside me—"freaks" always do. But it was some little while, for I was engrossed in the evening newspaper, before I became aware that in the crowded 'bus something had happened. It had. Having been brought up a little gentleman in those years when parents had very definite ideas about the

a long time on the profits of the earlier volumes if only I could eat 100 hot cross buns next Good Friday and be photographed visibly swelling in the attempt. Which brings me in labyrinthian ways to one of the most delightful books I have read for a long while, "Bowsprit Ashore" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), by Alexander Bone, with illustrations by Freda Bone and a foreword by H. M. Tomlinson. It amused me to think while I was reading it what a tremendous bomb-shell a dozen writers of sea adventure would have made over incidents which Mr. Bone describes with no more brass-band music than if he had been washing the deck. By which you may understand that he knows so intimately what he is writing about that he takes death and the risk of death with no more astonishment than if he were signing-on or tidying-up his bunk. And when I tell you that the book fascinated me I am really telling you very much more than that. I am a landlubber. An author has only to begin on the technicalities of seamanship for me to be completely befogged. The various sails and their uses, the various parts of the ship and what they represent, have for me as muddled a significance as court etiquette or dress-making jargon. I ought, then, to have been bored by the book. But I wasn't. I was entranced. So entranced that I am going to use a most absurd simile. If ever there were a "Cranford" of the sea, "Bowsprit Ashore" is that book! By which I mean to say that the adventures it contains—and they really are adventures no matter how the author treats them, as if they were as common an occurrence as Monday morning—are not its chief charm. That lies in stories about sailing and especially sailors. They make it a book of so many perfect and intimate pictures that "Cranford" comes irresistibly to mind. I may as well tell you here that Mr. Bone passed most of his sea-faring life in one of the old wind-jammers, that he sailed round Cape Horn forty years ago for the fun of it, that he has served in copra schooners, he was in the *Levernbank* when the ship reached San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake, that he was loading at Hankow when the Chinese revolution broke out, that he served on a mine-sweeper during the War, and that later on he had the strangest experiences in Rum Row as one of a crew selling drink outside for

Christmas in New York. Having got all that off my chest, let me add that these things are only of importance to those readers who believe that a book of sea-faring life which isn't crammed full of excitement is of only that specialized interest which belongs to books on fishing. True, all these experiences "belong," but they don't make this book unique, in as much as its chief charm lies mostly in those pages in which your imagination doesn't turn a hair. It is description of sailors, their life, the everyday routine; pictures of that world and its inhabitants of which a mere landlubber's knowledge is confined to port wives, sea chanties and hornpipes, the freedom, the liberty, the variety of seafaring life, especially in the old sailing ships, which make the book as fascinating for those who know the sea as for those who only know it from the sea front. As one who can only be on the sea to pour what seems at the moment to be both body and soul into it, it says everything in the way of praise to declare that, among the many books sent in this week, "Bowsprit Ashore" is one which I shall certainly keep to read again and again.

\* \* \*

### And Now Our Mothers.

HAVING compiled one amusing and interesting history, illustrated by prints of the period, called "Our Fathers," it was only right that Mr. Alan Bott and Miss Irene Clephane should once again collaborate in a volume devoted to "Our



SIR WARDEN CHILCOTT, AUTHOR OF  
"POLITICAL SALVATION, 1930-1932"

It is no exaggeration to say that in this excellent book, "Political Salvation, 1930-1932" (Benn), Sir Warden Chilcott has rendered service of inestimable value to the community at large by an intelligent and lucid handling of a number of our national problems, and it cannot be too highly recommended to all who think seriously of this great Empire's welfare. Sir Austen Chamberlain has written a foreword which is as admirable as it is deservedly eulogistic. It is a book to read

(Continued on p. 402)



## A MUSICAL VAMP(IRE)

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"No, 'e's never 'ad no lessons, Miss—'e just impoverishes the tunes 'as 'e goes along!"



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Mothers" (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). The period covered is from 1870 to 1900, a period in which for women things not only began to *happen* but happened in very deed. Everything is relative, and the courage which enabled Amy Johnson to fly half round the world was no greater than the young lady of the 'nineties who went round in bloomers and on a bicycle to see her grandmother! As for gossip, scandal, crime, divorce, they are to-day simple mild tinkering on the moral bell beside the deafening boom they made forty years ago. People tell us that the art of conversation is dead. This may be so. Most of the topics which once made conversation hectic have become so commonplace that they hardly seem worth talking about. So when these young people, who mistake noise for brightness, pity the dull life of their mothers in their youth, they simply don't know what they are talking about. They may pick up this delightful book and laugh as loud as they may. Well, the illustrations will probably make their mothers smile, too. Those old pen-pictures which once illustrated our newspapers are terribly funny when they are recording fashion, but oft-times truer, all the same, than a photograph when it comes to a picture of the grimmer side of life. The book is social history in its most revealing and delightful guise. Mr. Bott and Miss Clephane have told the story of the changes admirably, describing for us contemporary life as it used to be—life which, beneath its veneer of prosperity, was pretty awful during the years 1870–1900—and illustrated them from pictures which appeared in old "Graphics." The result is amazing, especially that period which you can remember so well yourself. "Our Mothers" is at once a cavalcade of Victorian life, as well as a subtle criticism, not only of Victorian times but also of contemporary existence in those days. Half the world went very well then, however. Nowadays neither half seems to find much happiness anywhere, though they share a disillusion in common. It is difficult to decide which is the better state of woe and worry.

## Grace Darling.

I don't suppose any heroine is so little known as Grace Darling, apart, of course, from her One Great Deed. All the same, I am sure that ninety-nine persons out of every hundred could not tell off-hand where that Great Deed was done. I could not myself until I read Miss Constance Smedley's "Grace Darling and Her Times" (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.). Like most other people Grace was almost entirely associated with a nursery oleograph in which the indomitable girl was painted riding the crest of a mountainous wave, utterly oblivious to such things as oars and their uses, but looking extremely handsome and very, very purposeful. Yet Grace Darling is one of the real heroines of history, and her deed echoes down the years, not only as an act of tremendous courage, but one which brought about the immediate and necessary reform of the then maritime laws. The deed itself was accomplished on Thursday, September 7, 1838, from the Longstone Lighthouse on the

Farne Islands, in the neighbourhood of Bamburgh Castle, Northumberland. Everybody, of course, knows the story. Thus it would seem an almost impossible task to make that story, glorious as it was, the subject of a book running into more than 250 pages, closely printed. There was, however, so much more to the story of Grace Darling than the act which won her universal renown. The official inquiry which followed, the scandal of the wreck of the *Forfarshire* itself, the question of the lifeboatmen from Sunderland and their participation in the rescue, the poems and dramas and the paintings which had Grace Darling for their subject, even the unfortunate episode when, in all innocence, Grace and her father nearly became exhibits in a circus, all go to make up a story which few people now remember and still fewer can realize the enormous stir it made in the world of the eighteen-forties. More interesting, perhaps, is the vivid picture which Miss Smedley paints of

the curious, the isolated life led by Grace and her family in the lonely lighthouse, the deeply religious spirit which pervaded the house, the hard but happy life she led on that rock in the midst of an ever-turbulent sea. Grace Darling died at the early age of twenty-five, but the memory of her wonderful act of courage and endurance will surely live on as long as stories of Great Deeds are told.

\* \* \*  
Readable Reminiscences.

If it interests you to read the weekly page which Lord Castlerosse contributes to "The Sunday Express," and Lord Donegall to "The Dispatch," and "The Londoner" to "The Evening News" among others, pages devoted to men in the news and the events of the day, with an occasional overloaded reference to the Embassy "herd," you will thoroughly enjoy reading the Vicomte de Mauduit's book of reminiscences, "Private Views" (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.). And, indeed, it is very readable. Much of the book is devoted to flying in its earlier stages, for the author was a pioneer among airmen. But during the War he went on a mission of propaganda to America, and

this brought him into personal contact with spies and counter-spying. He was also in Paris during the Peace Conference, and visited Turkey in a professional capacity, besides spending much of his life in London. So you get a number of interesting close-ups of most of the famous men and women in each capital, with such a number of new and often amusing anecdotes concerning them as will make up the most delightful hour or two of gossip; and that's what everyone enjoys; say what they will, and the gossip in this readable volume runs from flying pioneers to international financiers, generals to Society women, Mata Hari (with whom he had a very curious encounter) to night club queens. The Vicomte has led a very varied life, met all kinds of people, and mixed in many kinds of Society. He gossips about them all in a manner so lively that, as far as that is possible, you do not read his book so much as his book reads itself to you. The effort to go from page to page, chapter to chapter, is just as easy as all that.

(Continued on p. xxiv)



Lady with a Grievance: An' wot 'urts me most is to think it was a lovin' cup 'e threw at me!"

## AT HOME AND ABROAD



A RECENT SHOOT AT SCARISBRICK, ORMSKIRK, LANCASHIRE

In this group taken at the recent shoot at Scarisbrick Hall, Ormskirk, Lancashire, left to right, are: Back—Captain Scarisbrick, Mr. Frank Weld, Mr. E. T. Scarisbrick (son of Sir Tom Scarisbrick), Mr. Snead Cox, Mr. McTrappes-Lomax, and Captain Weld-Blundell; front row—Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Currie, Mrs. Talbot Davenport, Mrs. Scarisbrick, Mrs. E. T. Scarisbrick, and Mrs. McPherson

Rigby



LADY BROWNLOW AT BELTON

Howard Barrett



IN SAN FRANCISCO: MISS VERONICA BRISCOE-GEORGE AND A FRIEND—ON A YACHT



"WHERE ARE THOSE BELVOIR HOUNDS?"  
THE HON. CATHERINE CUST AT BELTON

Howard Barrett

The Scarisbrick shoot probably had as blustery weather to greet it as has been the portion of most of us more or less recently. Out fox-hunting, for instance, the blast has been pretty nigh strong enough to blow some people clean off their horses. Mr. Everard Scarisbrick is the only son and heir of Sir Tom Scarisbrick, Bt., of Scarisbrick Hall. Sir Tom Scarisbrick was in the 7th Liverpool Regiment when war broke out. Lady Brownlow and her only daughter were doing joint hostesses at Belton when the Duke of Rutland's Hounds met there on a recent date. The little Sheltie, at any rate, was well wrapped up against the weather, and his mistress looks as if she were enjoying herself tremendously, as of course everyone ought to do when they go out hunting. Miss Veronica Briscoe-George, who was in 'Frisco when the picture was taken, is engaged to be married to Lord Selby, who was born in 1911



# A Rugby Letter



OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. MAJOR STANLEY'S XV—THE TWO SIDES

R. S. Crisp

The 'Varsity side had its neck properly stretched in this match at Iffley Road v. Major Stanley's XV, and the University only got up and won in the last minute by 11 points to 9. It was a very good exhibition and much heartened the Dark Blue supporters

In this group of the combined teams are: P. C. Minns (captain, Oxford University), H. D. B. Lorraine, H. G. Owen-Smith, G. R. Beamish (captain, Major Stanley's XV), R. Rowland, V. G. J. Jenkins, D. Crichton-Miller, F. L. Waide, T. W. Gubb, K. L. Jackson, J. Beattie, D. C. King, D. A. Kendrew, C. A. L. Richards, R. J. Longland, E. S. Nicholson, V. J. Pike, M. F. Peacock, J. A. Tallent, K. W. J. Jones, F. W. Simpson, E. W. F. de Vere Hunt, C. C. Tanner, J. B. Bowers, A. E. S. Charles, R. C. Prescott, T. E. Jones-Davies, Ian Smith, H. M. Kelly, Major Stanley (in centre with cap), J. Bassett

DEAR TATLER,—Apart from the 'Varsity match and the Sunderland trial the most important event of the last week or two has been the annual Blackheath dinner: There was the usual crowd of distinguished Blackheathens and equally distinguished guests. Amongst the latter was, of course, the President of the Rugby Union, Mr. A. D. Stoop, who made an excellent speech, emphasizing the fact that the true Rugby man loves the game for its own sake and is extremely jealous of its good name.

Now this is a point which is in danger of being forgotten in these days of commercialism, and it is just as well that so world-famous a player and administrator as the famous Harlequin should insist upon it. It is twenty years since Adrian Stoop retired from first-class football, which means that players of to-day can only have seen him as children, if they saw him at all, but they can take it from a contemporary that he did more to develop modern Rugby than any other man in any of the home counties.

One of the legends that has gathered round his name is that he scored the first try ever recorded at Twickenham in the Welsh match of 1910 by running in from the kick-off. This is not quite true; he did make a marvellous run through the Welsh side, but was eventually tackled near the line. From the ensuing scrummage the ball came out to D. R. Gent and found its way via B. Solomon to F. E. Chapman, whose dainty side-step took him safely over. But in a sense it was really Stoop's try and it definitely placed him amongst the immortals.

Three or four years before he scored a wonderful individual try for Oxford against Cambridge at Queen's Club. This was a dazzling run, and he all but repeated the feat a few minutes later. I can remember no more brilliant effort in the 'Varsity match, though a score by R. H. Hamilton-Wickes for Cambridge, about ten years ago, came very near it.

There used to be lots of stories about Stoop, and one belonging to the War period had its amusing side. Stoop's regiment was sent to India, and on their arrival somebody asked the captain of the troop what sort of a voyage they had had. "Very comfortable," said he, "as far as I was concerned. When we were a couple of days out, a young officer called Stoop took entire charge of the ship, and I had a holiday."

B. Solomon, of Redruth, the Welsh centre in the Stoop adventure, was a curious bird. This appearance of his against Wales was his only international match, though he had other opportunities which he consistently refused. He cared nothing at all for big football, and could not always be persuaded to turn out for his county. As to his ability there was no question whatever—he was a really high-class centre.

Now that the first trial is over we can begin to see how things are shaping, and it is clear that a good many of last year's caps will have to struggle hard to keep their places. That was a very young side that beat Scotland last March, the youngest that England ever put on the field. You might have expected that it would keep together for years, and so indeed it may yet, though, at present, things do not point in that direction.

The first appearance of the youthful R. C. S. Dick as centre for Blackheath against the Harlequins was a striking success and set all the critics buzzing. No one knew anything about him, but it was eventually discovered that he was in the Sherborne side two years ago and was believed to be in his second year at Cambridge. If that is so the Light Blues have been entertaining an angel unawares, which is all the more curious when one considers the rather moderate run of Cambridge centres last season and this. As a bloomer, however, his omission cannot be compared with that made by W. Roberts, last year's Oxford captain, when he failed to realize the outstanding ability of S. L. Waide.

Many Rugby folk have learnt with regret of the recent sudden death of R. W. Turner, the County Court judge at Westminster, who had for many years been a faithful follower of our game and one of its most able critics. Educated at Merchant Taylors' School he took a scholarship at Trinity Hall, and gained his blue for athletics. In 1889 he won both the hundred and the quarter for Cambridge, and on another occasion he fell when leading in the quarter. His heated advice to his second string to go on and win so startled that young gentleman that he actually proceeded to do so, and Dick Turner was almost as pleased as if he had won himself. He was a delightful companion and an excellent raconteur, and his deep knowledge of human nature and his kindly sympathy made him an excellent County Court judge.

"HARLEQUIN."



# GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## WIMBLEDON PARK GOLF CLUB

As usual our competent artist steals most of the thunder from the literary side, but he has omitted to mention one rather interesting fact in connection with this excellent club, namely, that it is over its links that the Stage Golfing Society decides its annual battle. The portrait of the secretary, known to the world as "Duggie," real name Major C. P. R. Dugmore, is life-like, and Mr. "Simmy" Simonis, his brother "Freddy," and Mr. Percival Marshall, all well known in the Street of Ink, have no reason to complain—in fact the whole gallery is as near perfection as human art and artfulness can make it





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## MILLIONHEIRESS:

Miss Barbara Hutton  
of U.S.A.

*Portraits by Dorothy Wilding*

So Miss Barbara Hutton has gone back to America. And what did she really think of England and the persistent publicity to which she was subjected? Her frocks, her charm, her tinted nails, her jewels—particularly the ruby ring which decorated her engagement finger and aroused many conflicting rumours until it was discovered to be a present from her father—one and all were the subject of constant, very personal, paragraphs. It is said that the heiress to the Woolworth millions is, by nature, shy. If so, poor little rich girl!





MR. CLAUDE DAMPIER AND MASK

## THE GRAND ORDER OF WATER RATS DINE AND DANCE

The annual banquet and ball of that noted and venerable musical society known as the Grand Order of Water Rats took place on November 27 at the Park Lane Hotel. A feature of the evening was a cabaret, "Rats in the Attic," provided by distinguished members of the Order



### MORE OF THE COMPANY

Mr. Tom Webster, whose clever pencil adorned the menu, with Miss Clarice Mayne, of variety and broadcasting fame, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer, the captious critic. Mr. Swaffer responded to the toast of the Press with a sparkling speech. Mr. Charles Austin, the noted variety artist (see left), is King Rat of the Order. He was toasted vociferously and gave tongue twice



MR. CHARLES AUSTIN (KING RAT) AND HIS WIFE

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.  
RIGHT: MR. AND MRS. JACK HYLTON

The feminine members of the Grand Order of Water Rats are known as Lady Ratlings, and there is also a Queen Ratling. Mrs. Charles Austin is an ex-holder of this exalted office. Mrs. Douglas Wakefield is a sister of Gracie Fields, with whom her husband played in "Step This Way." Though Mr. Jack Hylton's band was unable to play, owing to a rearrangement of their Continental tour, he himself managed to attend before hurrying off to foreign parts. Other celebrities present included Wee Georgie Wood, the brilliant child impersonator, and Miss Doris Hare, who has made such a big hit in "Words and Music"

WEE GEORGIE WOOD  
AND MISS DORIS HARE



# RIDING TO HOUNDS



MR. AND MRS. TIM PLAYER  
AND MISS SUSAN TILNEY

A snapshot taken when the Belvoir were at Belvoir Castle. Mr. Tim Player, who lives at Staunton, owns that celebrated point-to-pointer, Johnnie. Miss Tilney is again hunting from Gonerby House. Lady Essex (below) was photographed when the Llangibby, of which her husband is Master, met at Tredunnoch



CAPTAIN AND LADY MAY ABEL SMITH

Waiting for the Quorn to move off from their Beeby fixture, previously postponed owing to cattle-disease restrictions. The only daughter of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, had done very little fox-hunting before her marriage, but now goes with the best



Howard Barrett  
THE YOUNG  
ENCHANTED

Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Fortescue, is already very enthusiastic about the sport of kings, though she is only six. Her father, formerly Lord Ebrington, succeeded in October. The trio on the right were seen at Gonalston, when the South Notts met at Mr. John Francklin's home



Truman Howell

LADY ESSEX WITH LLANGIBBY TERRIERS



Howard Barrett

MAJOR HOLE, MISS BARBARA FARR AND MR. WM. FRANCKLIN





A STATUE AND ITS FAIR MODEL

Angelo

Mlle. Edith Deschamps-Royer, who is well known in Parisian society, posed as the model for "The Bathing Venus," seen on the left of the picture

**T**RÈS CHER,—I was present, the other afternoon, at Pierre Benoist's *réception* "into" the bosom of the Académie Française. I haven't the faintest idea of how one says this in English. The word needed would be something between "enthronisation" and "investiture," or, perhaps, a mixture of both! I am writing of the official welcome that is extended to a new member of the French Academy of Letters, which consists, as you know, of a sedate company of forty *Immortels*!—the joke being, of course, that while those forty immortal names are supposed to go down to posterity in a blaze of glory, no one is ever able, on the spur of the moment, to cite more than a dozen or so of those who are actually in the land o' the living.

Anyway, Pierre Benoist (and he's a jolly good fellow), the young author of so many best-sellers such as "l'Atlantide," "Königsmark," and such sound novels as "l'Île Verte," "Le Lac Salé," to name but a few of the most famous; is the newly-elected fortieth of this band of merry old boys. I may sound disrespectful, but then, we are disrespectful in this village! He is also—being in the early 'forties—the youngest member, and he looked even younger than he need have done, with his chubby face and thick chestnut hair, in the midst of all the dear old grey-beards and bald heads that surrounded him on the "bench of honour"!

It seems strange to have lived in Paris all these years (indeed, I prefer not to count

them) and yet never to have been present at one of these affairs. However, hearsay, the cinema and the Illustrated Press, prevented me from feeling too *dépaysée* . . . but not even hearsay prepared me for the tremendous surging crowd that swept me off my feet, carried me up the steps and through the iron gates of the Institut, squeezed me up a narrow and winding flight of stairs, and jammed me into the corner of a strange and dusty *loggia* overlooking—can I call that dingy, circular, well-like ring of floor-space in the middle of the amphitheatre anything but an arena? I could, but even my disrespect does not go so far! Never have I seen such dirt and dingy mustiness, such a drab crowd—or such a rough one!—The football spectators at an international football match at Colombes are as lambs in comparison. And yet, strangely enough, I was impressed. Napoleon's forty centuries peeking down from the Pyramids send no awesome trickle down my vertebrae, but the forty old dears (I forgot to count the absentees) who, heralded by a roll of drums, took their places on the moth-eaten green velvet benches of the hemicycle, most properly put me in my place and kept me there! *Blague à part*, in spite of all the discomfort and dowdiness, there is a wonderful atmosphere about the place. A sort of ghostly grandeur that is most impressive. And if I have grumbled at the crowd as a whole, I must also say that its parts were . . . excellent! Too many celebrities to attempt to set down here. The page would look as if I had torn it from the literary supplement of the Grand Larousse! Also, I can no longer doubt the immortality of our *Immortels* since a bright young know-all standing behind me (and, part of the time, *on me*) loudly named the famous personages that abounded, and recognised amongst them quite half-a-dozen *Académiciens* who have been dead and buried these many years!

Though contrast is the salt of life, I almost blush to tell you where I was due on leaving the Institut! I ought to have gone staidly home and meditated on the beautifully-worded sentiments contained in the speeches uttered by both Henri de Regnier and Pierre Benoist. BUT . . . the Folies Bergères was giving its Press performance of a new *Revue*, and . . . well, I ask you? I arrived terribly late, of course, only just before the interval in fact, but, luckily enough, in time to see that exquisite, sylph-like Georgia Graves float down a flight of glittering crystal stairs and dance, as only Georgia can dance, in a white, cloudy wisp of a frock that clung to her slim form most seductively.

Floreille, the French "talkie" star, is the *vedette* of this show, that (so far as I can judge from having seen only half of the performance), is somewhat disappointing. Floreille had a very bad motor smash these holidays, but she shows no signs of her six weeks in plaster, and there is not the vestige of a scar on her face that, last September, was gashed by the broken glass of the windscreen from temple to chin. There are evidently good surgeons at Angers, the town to which she was rushed after the accident.

Another notable *première* this week which proved, nevertheless, a frost is *La Margrave*, by Alfred Savoir, the author of so many plays that have been adapted for the English stage with varying success. *La Margrave* portrays a little German Court of the seventeenth century, with its "pretentious aristocracy, narrow-minded, ignorant, brutal and vicious," and, as one of our most captious critics added, "Savoir is exactly the man one would expect to choose such a subject"! 'Nuff sed, for even I wouldn't have dared to—on my own responsibility! — PRISCILLA.



Studio Plaza

MLLE. MADELEINE LAMBERT—FOR LONDON?

This beautiful young actress is appearing at the moment in "Ludo," an amusing comedy by Pierre Scize, which is on at the Théâtre Michel. The play, they say, will probably come to London some time during the winter

## BEAUTY, BRAINS AND BRAVERY!



LUANA WALTERS IN THE SPOT-LIGHT



THE SIGN OF THE CROSS": ELISSA LANDI (MERCIA) AND FREDRIC MARCH (MARCUS SUPERBUS)



GARY COOPER AND HELEN HAYES IN "FAREWELL TO ARMS"

In the Cecil B. de Mille production of "The Sign of the Cross," Miss Elissa Landi makes a most attractive Mercia, the early Christian with whom Marcus Superbus falls in love, and for whose sake and for the Cross he dies. Luana Walters is what they call in the U. S. A. a "Wampas Baby," whatever that may mean, and they name her as the successor of Constance Collins, another "Wampas Baby." Helen Hayes won a medal for the best film-acting of the year—in "Lullaby." Kathleen Burke plays the Panther Woman in "The Island of Lost Souls," and is seen collecting atmosphere

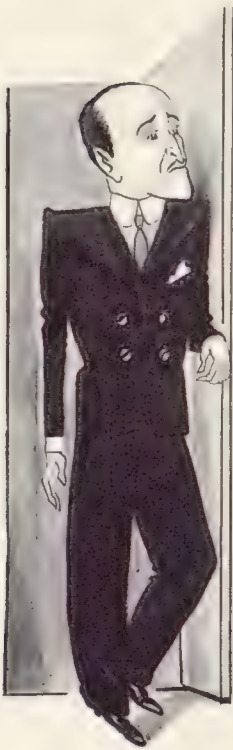


KATHLEEN BURKE, "THE PANTHER WOMAN"



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

*Lonsdale  
Fantastics*

TOM TIT.

CROOK v. DUKE. OR CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN IN A GOOD CAUSE: FRANK ALLENBY,  
BRIAN GILMOUR AND RAYMOND MASSEY

THE land of Lonsdale is strewn with shady houses. It is inhabited by peculiar people addicted to titles, butlers, pyjamas, twisted sentiment, polished dishonesty, no repressions, and hardly any morals. It is a leisured lotus-land in which time moves not at all, but stays somewhere between 1922 and 1930.

*Never Come Back* is awfully amusing in the manner of the last decade. Its butler, cataloguing his master's guests for a new footman at the beginning of the play, reveals that they are typical Lonsdalers. The master, an American financial gentleman, name of Mortimer, has a popularity proved by the fact that his guests are "the cream of English Society." There is, for instance, the Duke of Bristol, who is trying to end his liaison with the Lady Moynton, wife of an alcoholic baronet and perpetual mistress to somebody or other, so that he can pass on to Mary Linkley, daughter of a female climber from America. There are Lord Trench, a silly old goat; Lady Trench, a tough mutton imitating spring lamb in her cavorting with gigolos; and their scatter-brained daughter Susan, married to a no-brained oaf, also with a title. There is also plain Smith, who charms everybody, with special reference to Mary Linkley. Thus butler to footman, in a long monologue; after which, having spoken their introductory parts, the servants vanish into the background and are no more noticed.

Since Mr. Frederick Lonsdale is the author, it is reasonable to bet that among the guests is an expert in other people's property—plain crook would be too crude a word. I had unjustified hopes that at last

we were to have a ducal criminal, but the Duke of Bristol removed himself from the possibles by being so rich that he could enclose, in his post-liaison letter to Lady Moynton, a delicate cheque for £2000. The rest of the gang were clearly comic relief, except for the charming Smith, the financial Mortimer, and the duke-desired Mary. All three are made to thieve by Mr. Lonsdale, who is always generous with tainted characters.

This particular playwright is never a moralist; for him, honesty need never be the best policy. His people here who commit crimes are the only attractive ones. He makes it seem almost convincing that Mary should want, instead of the personable but jealously possessive duke, a normal stranger like Smith. And Mortimer, Smith's partner in robbery, is as ordinary as a bank manager, whereas his honourable guests are eccentrics without a merit between them. Lord Trench, who talks huntin' and shootin' English, is stupid as an owl, and proceeds on his first entrance to abuse, behind their backs, his wife, daughter and son-in-law, not to mention his wife's gigolo, that damned daffodil. Lady Trench is a clucking hen. Mrs. Linkley is an absurd snob, who mentions a marquis, a duke, and a king within three minutes of her arrival. The baronet is bovine, Lady Redwood is a stupid with a sense of humour, Lord Redwood is a stupid without one. After a first act, largely filled by the drawing voices of these fantastics, one cannot help wishing good luck to Smith, when he picks their pockets and then plans with Mortimer the theft of Mrs. Linkley's diamond necklace.

The formula for transferring everybody from Mortimer's Riviera villa



ADRIENNE ALLEN



NORA SWINBURNE

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G.E. 263.





AUDI

By WEBSTER





TION

MURRAY





"DRAKE'S DRUM"  
After the painting by J. D. M. Cormick, R.A.

"Take my drum  
to England,  
hang et by  
the shore.  
Strike et when  
your powder's  
runnin' low."



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please*

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Stage Photo Co.

## MISS FRANCES DOBLE IN "WHILE PARENTS SLEEP"

A beautiful study of the very adventurous heroine, Lady Cattering, in Mr. Anthony Kimmins's modern comedy written in the most modern language. Lady Cattering, the wife of a stodgy Colonial Governor, has advanced ideas about the duties of A.D.C.'s to Colonial Excellencies and adopts her own methods of instruction towards Jerry Hammond (Mr. Jack Hawkins), the newest addition to His Excellency's staff. As a rule, A.D.C.'s do not need any kind of instruction, for are they not a pleasing composite of the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove? However, the author has made a success out of an idea that A.D.C.'s are rather slow in the up-take. The play was first produced at the Royalty on January 19th. It is now at the Garrick and has passed its 350th performance.



## FROM THE STARRY AND STRIPY LAND



"DEMP" IS NOW IN THE MOVIES



AND GENE TUNNEY MEETS MRS. TUNNEY



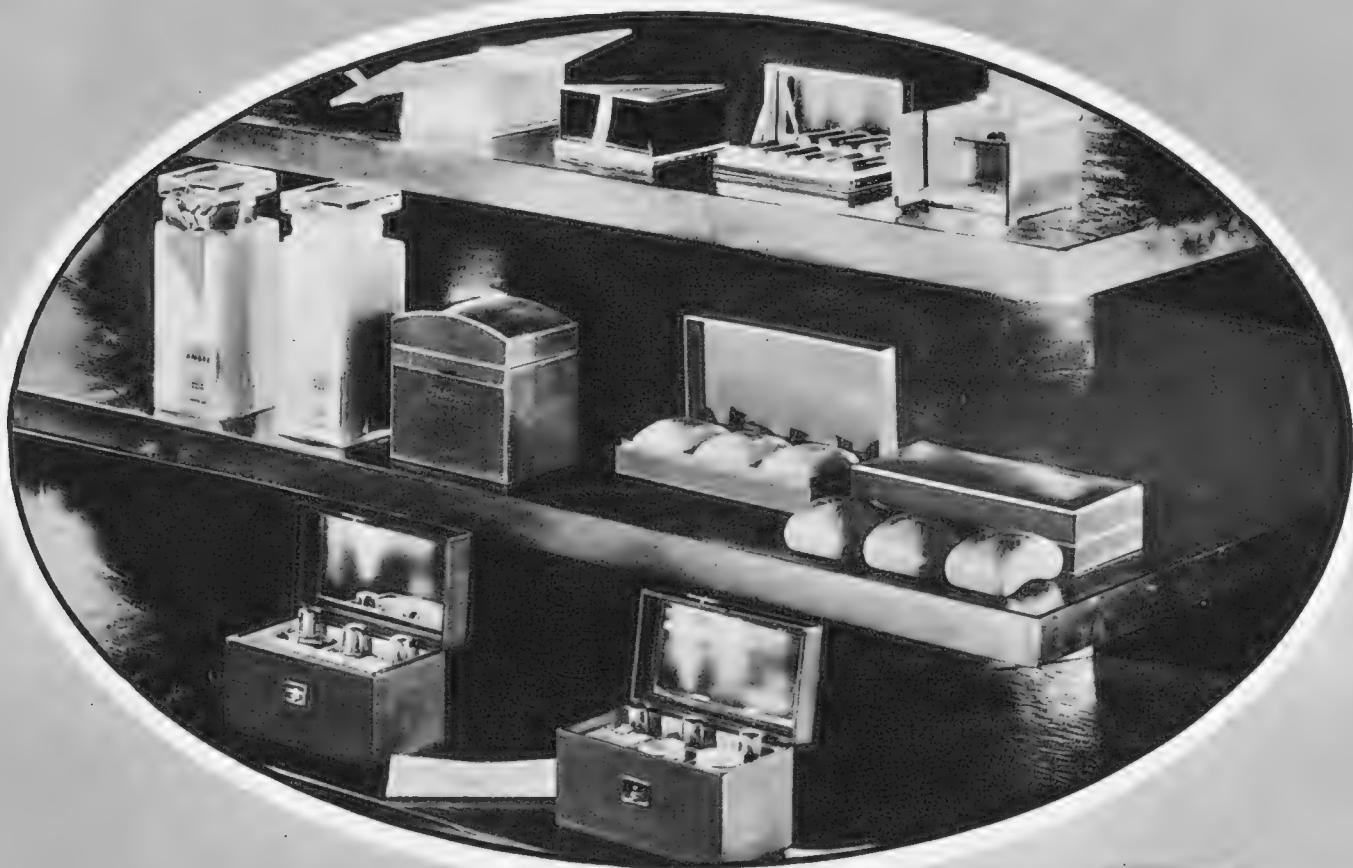
MARIA JERITZA—NOW IN BOSTON

JOAN  
CRAWFORDCLAUDETTE  
COLBERT

All these pictures, as will be observed, come from a country which is more than ever in the limelight at the moment, for all the European long-distance spot-lights are focussed on it to see how it is looking. The two pictures at the top are very interesting to all patrons of the thing called "The Fancy." "Demp," who lost his world title to the literary Mr. Tunney (who has even met Mr. Shaw), is now in the silent films. This seems a shame, since they are box-fighting scenes, for in his palmy days they said that there was no more terrifying growler and snarler in the ring than Dempsey. It is rated to be a great asset and one which Primo Carnera has not yet fully perfected. Perhaps this does not matter, because no one stays long enough in the ring with Primo to hear him even give a short bark. The world-famous Maria Jeritza is on a big engagement in Boston with the San Carlo Opera Company. She is very well known in the States and has been a prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera Company in Chicago. Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford, the two pretty little film stars, are just sunning themselves at Palm Springs, in a place called "Cal."

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# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

THERE was no room left in these notes last week to do what someone who wrote to me about "nerve"—its loss or otherwise—wanted me to do, namely, explain why someone, whom my friend says he knows is at least twenty-five to thirty years older than he is, goes as if he were twenty-five or thirty years younger than my correspondent. This, incidentally, would make the creature about ten years old, an age at which I am sure they never knew one another—but I get the idea. What he says he cannot understand is why this ancient cove should do things on strange horses that he, my friend, owns up he is afraid to do on horses of his own he has ridden hundreds and hundreds of times. That probably is the very reason. If my young-old friend got on to things he had never seen before, and were compelled to "swing the lead" and take a few soundings, his nerve, which he is brave man enough to say that he has lost, might improve fifty or a hundred per cent. *Omne ignotum* is not always horribly frightening. Quite the reverse in fact. Riding strange horses is far easier than shooting with strange guns, which may not fit. But, anyway, it is loss of nerve my friend is writing about, and having a bit of a grouse at someone so much older, who, apparently, has gone back to, say, the age of twenty-one to twenty-five. There is no legitimate grouse, and there is no particular *kudos* either. All nerve—in the singular—is, I think, entirely a matter

of health—digestion or indigestion, in fact—and also of temperament. Some people are born brave, just as some are born molly-coddles with cotton wool in their ears and an all-enveloping aura of cough-drops and *Kummerbunds*, things you wear round your tummy. Sometimes these poor things get out of it; sometimes they never do; so much depends upon how they are handled and by whom. A trainer of anything, who is himself pale yellow inside (but tries to bluff it that he isn't), is bound to pass it on to the person he is training, no matter what the game may be: golf, billiards, boxing, Rugger, Soccer, pat-ball, hunting, polo, and so forth. But, on a general reckoning, I am sure that "nerve" (and also the plural) is entirely a matter of health.

It is quite possible for people to imagine that they have lost their nerve when, really, all they want is an offensive and defensive alliance with Mr. Eno. It is equally possible for people who have entirely lost their nerve beyond recall, and decline to chuck taking risks because they think that, if they do, all their dear friends will know that their nerve has gone to fiddle-strings, to believe that no one spots it. This is the only really dangerous stage, especially where doing a thing called "sitting at the jumps" is concerned. These unhappy chaps may think that they can keep the knowledge from their

friends by a masterly camouflage. Some of 'em do, for a bit—but they can't keep it from the "friend," who is the only one who matters when the affair is a safe passage over any sort of obstacle. Small as is the brain-pan of a horse, he has the sixth sense possessed by all animals, and he knows even before his intending pilot puts a hand on him in what state his courage is. The converse is equally true. There is no necessity for that message which goes along the "strings" to that sensitive thing—a horse's mouth. The information has been wirelessly long before, and absolutely confirmed the moment actual contact has been established. Horses know why some people mess about so much, altering the lengths of their leathers whilst the groom hangs on to the wretched animal's head, instead of letting him walk on and doing the alteration business without fuss. Horses also draw their own conclusions about the pilot who prefers

not to have them held when he is getting aboard, in the same way as they do when the artist replies to what no Australian will admit is a "buck" (because they say our horses don't know how) by giving him a puck in the ribs and a slap of the hand, and saying: "Get it over, old bird! It don't worry me!"

\* \* \*

Personally, I don't believe my young-old friend is really seeing the red light at all, and if he is, first of all I say: "Go and let your doctor have a look at your tongue and a thump at your

liver"; and, secondly: "Get on a strange horse you are told can jump like a flea—and take it on trust: it will do you such a lot of good and completely obliterate that 'a fall's a h'awful thing' feeling." My friend's is not the danger stage: that is the one to which I have just referred, when the operator is so stupid as not to own up to himself that he is afraid. I know of no more certain recipe for a cracking bad fall with something unpleasant attaching to it—for the frightened almost invariably fall to hurt themselves. I think that then it is certainly better to down tools. It is a quite different chain of circumstances to the one my friend of other days postulates. It takes a very brave man to say "I am afraid"; so of course, old sport, you haven't lost your dart! Lastly, having a go on a good one is nothing, and means nothing, excepting that anyone would be an ape who didn't. The acid test is having a go on a bad 'un, that has disclosed the fact by the way he put his fore-paws on the flight of rails that didn't break. I am certain that lots of people who think they have lost their nerve would find they haven't at all if they never rode the same horse twice. Anyway, this is all I can say about it, and I hope it answers a rather delicate question, because if there is one thing of all others to which most people won't own up—it's being "feared" for their skins!



"A PERSIAN GARDEN" PARTY AT EXETER

A group of those who presented "A Persian Garden" at the Hon. Mrs. Henry Adams' dinner-dance at Exeter quite recently. Liza Lehmann's entrancing music, to which Omar Khayyam's quite deathless quatrains are set, has always inspired everyone who has had anything to do with either one or both of them, and they did on this occasion

In this group are (left to right), back: the Hon. Vanda Vivian, Miss Bogle, Lady Janet Montgomerie, Miss Calthorpe, Miss Molesworth, Miss Fowke, Miss Herbert, Mr. Dale Smith, Mr. Hayshe and Miss Pamela Wellesley. (In front): Lady Anne Wellesley (centre, in head-dress), and included are also Lady Elizabeth Murray, Lady Waleran, Miss Cayzer, Lady Diana Wellesley, Miss Bryan, Miss Balfour, Miss Peggy Gordon Moore and Mrs. Molyneux

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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A PROFESSOR of absent-minded habits fell in love with a young lady graduate and married her. They went on their honeymoon, and in the morning the professor awoke, looked at the other occupant of the bed, and said in a shocked and incredulous voice: "Miss Grey, what are you doing here?"

"And then," said the man in the box, "my wife hit me with an oak leaf."

"Well, that couldn't do much damage," remarked the magistrate.

"Oh yes, it did, sir. It was from the centre of our dining-room table, sir."

It was the third time within a week that she had seen the familiar face of the tramp at her door.

"Look here, my man," she said, "will you please inform me why you've come back here again? Why don't you try some of the other houses near here?"

"Can't. Doctor's orders, mum," said the tramp. "Doctor's orders?" she echoed, looking puzzled.

"Yes, mum," he explained. "My doctor told me that when I found the food that agreed with me, I should continue with it."

The artist was interviewing an applicant for a post as a model. "You say you've never posed before," he said, "but do you think you can stand in one position without moving for a long period?"

"I'm sure I can, sir," replied the bricklayer fervently. "I've been a bricklayer for twenty years!"

Mike's wife was suing her husband for maintenance. After hearing both sides of the case, the magistrates consulted. Presently the chairman of the Bench addressed Mike.

"We have decided," he said, "to allow your wife ten shillings per week."

Mike beamed back at him, and said: "Why, shure, your 'Onour, and that's very generous of you. I'll see if I can add a bob or two now and again."

"Look 'ere," said the cavalry N.C.O. to the particularly dense recruit, "'ow often 'ave I got to tell you not to approach an 'orse from behind without speakin' to 'im? One of these days, my lad, you'll get a kick on the 'ead, and I'll be left with a lame 'orse on me 'ands."

An English party spending a holiday in Switzerland decided to crown their vacation by the ascent of a very small peak in the vicinity of their hotel. Though the climb was no more than a strenuous walk, a guide was engaged, and when the party assembled it was observed that one of them carried a totally unnecessary rope.

The guide, nodding gravely towards the rope, inquired politely: "M'sieu is going to skeep—yes?"



Paul Tanqueray

### "JUNE" (LADY INVERCLYDE)

The latest portrait of one of the most beautiful people on the revue stage. "June" was recently in "Over the Page," which finished at the Alhambra a short time ago, and it is now said that she may be going to America in the New Year to appear in a new show



C. Haines

### "MIAOW! LET ME OUT!"

The rest of the sentence no doubt is "How can I catch mice if you stick me in this?" The gentleman's (or lady's, as the case may be) indignation can be seen from the expression of the eyes and paws

A tourist asked the proprietor of an inn in the Highlands if they played any games in his place.

"Games!" cried the innkeeper scornfully. "Nae, sir, my customers are none of your light-headed kind. They take drinkings seriously here."

A man was fishing some strictly preserved water in Scotland, when he caught a fine salmon. As he did not want to display any evidence of his crime, he tied the fish through the gills to a stake on the bank and returned it to the water.

Soon a keeper came along and accused the man of poaching.

"Oh, no," said the angler disarmingly, "I'm just having a little innocent amusement, practising casts and so forth."

The keeper was reassured, and was about to walk away, when he observed the captured salmon plunging frantically at the end of the line: "What's this?" he asked.

"Oh—er—well," replied the angler, "that fellow kept sneaking my flies, so I thought it best to tie him up out of the way."

A small boy had been taken to church by his mother. When he returned his father asked him what the sermon was about.

"It was about sin," replied the child.

"What did the preacher say about sin?" was the next question.

"He was against it," said the boy.

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# AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

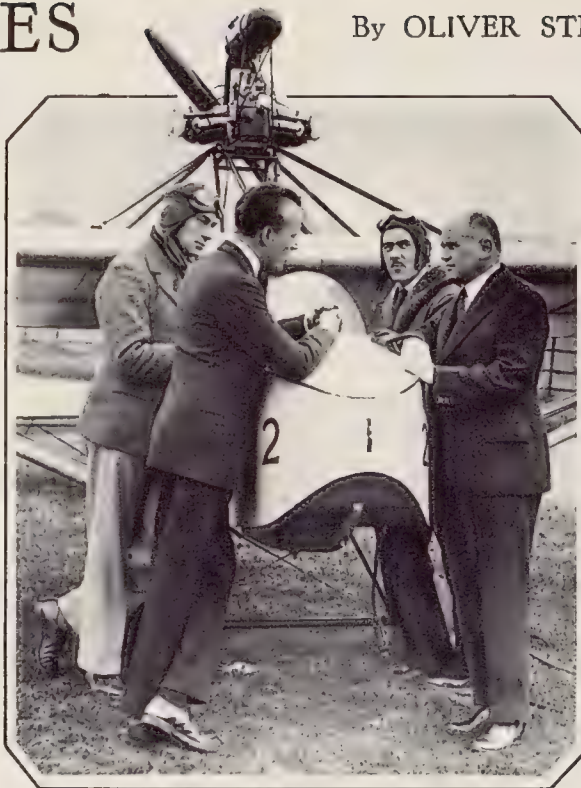
## Growth or Control.

SOONER or later, civil flying must face the issue of whether it is to be regulated out of existence or not. It cannot be thought that it was ever the intention of anyone in flying, had the question been clearly put to them, that the Air Ministry should take entire charge of every branch of British aviation; that it should be able to say to this man go and he goeth or getteth out. Yet that is what has happened. The huge and growing company of Waste-paper Makers, the office-sitters, the glorious galaxy of gramophones assembled at the Air Ministry, have obtained a hold on all branches of flying, and it will require a greater effort than any that has yet been put out to loosen it.

It would be strange if the Admiralty exercised absolute jurisdiction over every craft afloat, and if rubber canoes and water wings were made the subject of letters, minutes, Notices to Mermen, buff slips, forms, memoranda, and, worst of all, definite orders against which there is no appeal. At present, if the water wings are frowned upon by the municipal authorities at Weston-super-Mare, they will be welcomed by the municipal authorities of somewhere else; no single self-sufficing department has absolute control. If the Admiralty did exercise this absolute sway over all vehicles afloat, the price of water wings, rubber canoes and pneumatic walruses would soar and they would be used only by those directly concerned in their manufacture and by millionaires.

## The Parallel.

Similarly, it would be strange if the War Office exercised absolute control over every land vehicle, over bicycle, tricycle, car, train, sled, skate, and scooter. It would be nice for the War Office, no doubt, but extremely nasty for everyone else and also extremely expensive. Yet that is an exact parallel with flying as it stands in relation to the Air Ministry at the present moment. The Air Ministry has obtained a monopoly of flying, and, as has been made clear by recent pronouncements of some of its members, it will use every means in its power to maintain that monopoly. Everything that flies, including the air scooters which Mr. Lowe-Wylde, the Master of Sempill, and Mr. Gordon England have been developing at Hanworth, are rigidly controlled by the Air Ministry. The reason given for this extraordinary state of affairs is typically departmental. It is that, without control, the lives of members of the public, both flying and non-flying, would be endangered. It is an inexcusable excuse. An aeroplane may sometimes be the cause of a fatal accident. But so may bottles, boots, and banjos, and there is no advantage in establishing thriving Government departments to batten on these articles. When I see the struggle that amateur flying is now having to keep going



C. A. Sims

## AN AERIAL "DIRT TRACK" RACER

Col. the Master of Sempill discussing with Mr. E. C. Gordon England the points of the new 6-h.p. engined B.A.C. glider, which is likely to be used for pylon racing. Mr. Lowe-Wylde (right) and Mr. Eyre (left) have been demonstrating the machine at Hanworth

Mr. Belloc's epigram on certain outstanding electoral events—

"The accursed power, which stands on privilege  
And goes with dancing and champagne and bridge,  
Broke; and Democracy resumed its reign,  
Which goes with bridge and dancing and champagne."

Let us therefore beware that those who come forward to save aviation understand and believe the principle of individual freedom. I believe it was to Mr. Ashwell-Cooke that Sir Sefton Brancker made a memorable remark on this matter. When pressed to introduce some new regulation which was represented to him as being essential to the safety of civil flying, Sir Sefton Brancker said that, before he would think of introducing any new regulations at all, he had set himself the task of halving the number that already existed. "The first thing," he said, "is to cut down the red tape by half, and then we can look round and see what minimum number of regulations really is necessary."

## Heston.

At the time of writing, the weather shows signs of a temporary improvement; but just previously it has interrupted flying instruction at the majority of aerodromes. Heston, however, has been making most of any fine spells. On one Sunday Captain Ferguson took a pupil for a cross-country flight to test his navigation skill. On the way they ran into thick mist, and Capt. Ferguson, who was in the front seat, had neither map nor compass. He therefore relied upon the accuracy of his pupil's flying, and his confidence was not misplaced, for they completed the course successfully.



LORD LONDONDERRY AND AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR TOM WEBB-BOWEN

A snapshot at Shippon, Berks, last week, where the Secretary for Air arrived by plane for the ceremony in connection with the move of the Oxford University Air Squadron from Upper Heyford to Shippon. Sir Tom Webb-Bowen commands the Wessex Bombing Area





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# THE LOVE PHILTRE

By NAN K. LOCK

AT half-past eight Miss Marina put the kettle on the fire, balancing it carefully with one side on the bars of the grate, the other on an upjutting rampart of coal; then she gathered her grey knitted shawl more closely about her thin shoulders and sat back to wait for its boiling.

For twenty-five years she had sat like this in the little room behind the shop; for twenty-five years, exactly at half-past eight, she had put the kettle to boil, and for ten of them Mr. Coots had opened his eyes and lazily watched her, just as he did now. Sometimes he would go to sleep again immediately the kettle was securely balanced, sometimes he would remain watching it, waiting for the rattle of the tea things, and then he would sit up, pass his paw carefully over the white side of his face and behind his right ear and, curling his long tail carefully round his precisely placed feet, he would sit and meditate, gazing into the red depths of the fire.

Miss Marina pondered him. The white patch on his face had always troubled her vaguely since the day she had brought him home as a kitten. It looked so odd and so undignified, gave an air of almost incompleteness to his otherwise entirely black person, she used to think it looked as though the paint had given out. But for all that she wouldn't have changed it. He had been a very good friend to her in her loneliness. Much better than Tibby, his predecessor. She had always been out and about, she might just as well have not been there for all the companionship she gave. Two years she had her after her sister Nell got married and went away, and then poor Tibby had paid sadly for her wanderings. Another eight years with nothing—no one, till Mr. Coots came, and he'd been with her for nearly ten now. What a long time it seemed when you measured it up in bits like that—twenty years all alone!

She sighed and watched the steam coming in weak little puffs from the spout of the kettle. . . . Twenty years since Nell had gone, and now Eva was to be married soon—in three, no, four days. Nell had written to tell her, but they hadn't asked her to come to the wedding—after all she was only old Aunt Marina; they never saw her, why should they ask her? No, that was unkind of her, perhaps they thought she couldn't leave the shop; after all, there was no one else, but they might have asked.

The steam from the spout stopped wavering and spurted straight out, and the lid started lifting with a quiet rattle. Miss Marina took down the caddy from beside the china dog on the mantel-shelf and carefully measured the usual two spoons of tea into the warmed brown pot. Every little made a difference in these days, even tea. Her income was very meagre, for everyone in the village seemed to be saving their pennies, too. They didn't come to the shop as they used to, seven or eight people in one morning; why, now she was lucky if she had three or four.

Mr. Coots heard the trickle of the milk as he poured it into her cup, and opened his wide, sulphur-coloured eyes. He stretched out his two front paws to their fullest extent, spreading his toes, and hooking the claws into the red and black rag mat, then he curved his back up into a rippling arch, yawned, and sat down, gazing in solemn expectation at the tea tray.

Miss Marina set his saucer of milk before him, and sipped her tea daintily. The cup rattled a little as she put it back on the saucer. It worried her. She must be getting old for her hand to shake like that. But at least she had good health. That was lucky, she couldn't afford to be ill—it was hard as it was to put a little by for her old age. If she didn't manage to save enough it would mean . . . a cold little fear fingered her as she thought of the road to Warp, and the red-brick house with its inmates, old women and old men who sat on benches in the sun, and were cared for because they had no one else and because they had not saved enough. She *must* have enough. Her anxious thoughts turned to the old brown box hidden under the loose board in her bedroom. It was so hard, its contents grew so slowly, try as she might.

If only she could have married! But when she was young

and pretty, and the young men came to court her, she had been afraid, and they had gone away. And now no one came. She had been silly, but she had known so little, and there was no one to tell her anything. Nell had been braver, and now Nell was happy, she supposed. Oh, yes, she must be happy with a home, and a husband, and a pretty daughter just going to be married, too.

If she could get married she wouldn't have to worry so much about the brown box. And she wouldn't be lonely either. Fancy having someone to look after besides herself and Mr. Coots. And someone who would care a bit about her, too, would mind if she was cold, and help her when she was tired. It would be wonderful to be married. But there, where was the good of thinking about it? She was too old now; she had best be getting to bed.

She rose a little stiffly, put the wire guard in front of the fire, Mr. Coots out of the

door, and took the kettle with the remainder of the hot water through to the scullery, where she washed her cup and saucer and emptied and rinsed the tea-pot. Then she called Mr. Coots in again, and climbed the steep short flight of stairs to her bedroom. It was cold up there, and dim, with only the candle light. As she undressed her thoughts wandered round and round like a beetle in a box. It was no good trying *not* to think of it; it *would* be wonderful to be married. She took the pins out of her thin grey hair, and carefully brushed and combed it.

Too old, too old! But was she *really* too old? She looked at the thin pale face in the mirror—wrinkled, yes; but the candle-light was kind. The hair seemed just fair instead of grey, the dim eyes bright and blue.

People *did* marry sometimes when they were quite old. Look at Mrs. Sharpe, who married the vicar last year, and Mrs. Blaydon; they were both almost as old as she was. Though Mrs. Jones had told her queer things about Mrs. Blaydon; that she had been to visit the old herb woman up the road, the one they said knew a lot of mysterious things. They named her witch, and said unkind, uncharitable things about her, Miss Marina thought. When Farmer Wilks' cows had taken a sickness and died they said it was because he wanted to take her cottage for one of his labourers. Yes, but they were all ready to fly to her when their children were sick, or when they wanted some of her lotions or salves.

(Continued overleaf)



Swaabe

A PARTY AT GREAT FOSTERS

They called it the "For No Reason At All Party," and it was held in the historic surroundings of Great Fosters, now an hotel, but an Elizabethan country house in the days when it was first built. In the group are Mr. C. R. W. Nevinston, Miss Margery Binner, Princess Paul Troubetskoy, and Colonel Ivor Davson



## The Love Philtre—continued from p. 429

Mrs. Jones told Miss Marina all this as she stood in the shop and talked. She said she had seen Mrs. Blaydon, or Miss Beck as she was then, go to the cottage, and she had seen her coming away too, putting a little shining bottle carefully into her bag. Then quite soon after she had married Blaydon, and they hardly knew each other before. It was queer, certainly. She wondered if Mrs. Sharpe had been to the old woman; Mrs. Jones hadn't said anything about her. Supposing *she* went herself, would she marry and be happy and safe like Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Blaydon? She laid down her brush, she must get into bed, it was very cold, but first she would just look into the brown box again. She gathered her dressing-gown closer about her and crept over to the corner of the room. Lifting the loose board, she drew out the box and raised the lid. It was growing, the little hoard, but oh! so slowly. The shop paid so badly now that she could scarcely ever add even a sixpence to it. If only she could marry and not have to worry so much about the box. She would give years off her life just to know that the remaining ones were secure. She didn't want wealth, only to know she was safe—safe from the red house up the hill.

She put the box back in the hole, replaced the board, and crept shivering into bed. But Mr. Coots, sitting in the moonlight on the sill, saw her turning and turning restlessly in her sleep, and murmuring now and then. Presently he slipped out like a shadow on to the roof, and made his way to the fields at the back of the house. He found a woman there, an old bent woman, stooping along the hedgerow, plucking and picking, and he arched himself and rubbed round her skirt, and smoothed his cheek on the toe of her rough shoe. She bent and stroked him, whispering to him, and his fur crackled thinly as her hand passed over his back. He stayed with her till the moon was caught in the bare branches of the oaks, and then he walked slowly back over the roof, and in at the window, where he sat on the sill surveying the quiet figure in the bed with round pale eyes, and the figure stirred and grew restless again.

Miss Marina rose in the grey beginnings of the day, prepared her scanty breakfast, tidied her house, and then took up her place in the shop, and Mr. Coots curled himself on the counter. All day her thoughts fluttered round Mrs. Blaydon and the Old Woman. At tea-time her mind was made up. She put on her bonnet and her warm cloak, and walked quickly through the dusk to the cottage among the trees. The Old Woman was in the doorway looking up the road, almost as though she watched for her coming. Miss Marina thought, and shivered, but she went on, and sat with the Old One in her warm kitchen where bundles of herbs dangled from the beams and gave forth a sweet breath.

When she went back down the road the cottage windows glowed, warm odours of cooking suppers hung across the path, and Miss Marina saw the wives laying the tables for their men. The ground was growing crisp underfoot already; it would be a bitter night.

Upstairs in the bedroom Miss Marina knelt, still in her bonnet and cloak, and counted over her savings. Her hands trembled, and she felt weak and a little sick. It would take nearly all; the Old Woman wouldn't hear of less. But then, if it succeeded she wouldn't need the savings. If it failed . . . her eyes grew wide and she tried to moisten her thin, dry lips. But the Old Woman had said that it never failed, that it was sure as the rising of the moon and the mating of foxes.

Mr. Coots nudged her elbow with his nose and sat beside her purring gently and blinking at her with his inscrutable yellow eyes. She put away the box and went down the narrow stairs to prepare their supper. Then they sat by the fire and in due time she made the tea, and always she saw the women who laid the tables for their men and the brown box under the board upstairs. She went to bed and slept, dreaming, while Mr. Coots walked softly upon the roof, his large eyes gleaming like twin moons.

Early in the morning Miss Marina left the little thin girl who helped her to clean the house in charge of the shop and, holding the brown box close under her cloak, went up through the village to the cottage. The frosty ground crackled under her feet and the grass by the way was grey with rime. In her haste she almost ran, until she drew near to the clump of trees. She went more slowly then, and passed through the gate and up the path of the garden where the Old Woman bent over her plants. She straightened and smiled at Miss Marina, and they went together into the house.

When they came out the Old One stood on the doorstep holding the brown box in both hands, and Miss Marina drew her cloak tightly round her and very carefully clasped something

that gleamed against her thin breast. The Old Woman chuckled and closed the door.

Miss Marina went back to the shop and after her lunch she made herself a cup of tea. She looked to door and window, but there was no one to see save Mr. Coots. Then she took out the little slim phial with the pale yellow liquid that winked and gleamed and, holding it very carefully in both hands, let fall from it three drops into her cup. She capped the phial and crept with it upstairs and hid it secretly under the board, in the hole where the old brown box had lain. Then she went down and drank her tea.

And so the bitter winter months drew on; morning and evening were loth to part and midday was dim and chill. The villagers came seldom to the little shop. They were poor, and besides there was a new shop now where the goods were cheap and glittered. They whispered, too, and Mrs. Jones told them over her fence of how she had seen Miss Marina go past in the dusk towards the cottage among the trees, and of how she had seen her again in the morning clasping something that shone to her breast. Mrs. Blaydon came to the shop to buy; they looked at each other over the counter and said nothing, but their eyes spoke, and they knew.

At half-past eight in the evening Miss Marina was in bed and Mr. Coots in the fields and barns looking for rats and mice, for the grate was black and cold and there was no tea in the caddy beside the china dog. Miss Marina grew thinner and the lines deepened in her face. The house became dusty and grey for want of the young girl's cleaning and because Miss Marina was too old to do it herself. The shelves of the shop grew bare of wares, for the goods could not be replaced when the little money that came in had to be spent on food. But every morning and every evening Miss Marina would take out the phial from its hole and pour a few drops of the shining stuff into a cup of water. The water was cold, but there was no tea, and the sticks she could gather for burning were few and thin.

When the spring buds were beginning to break Miss Marina took the phial and shook the last drops from its emptiness. The shelves of the shop were bare, for all that could be sold or eaten was gone and no one came to buy. The landlord called for his rent and the other shops refused her more goods without sight of their money. Miss Marina wept, and saw the red house on the hill, for there was no brown box under the loose board to speak of safety, only a small phial cracked and dull.

One morning she packed her few remaining things which were precious to her into a bag, and calling Mr. Coots put him into a basket, then she knelt on the bed-room floor and took the phial from its hole and looked at it. The Old Woman had said it never failed, that it was sure as the moon rising and the mating of foxes, and Miss Marina thought again of the lights in the cottage windows and the women laying food for their men. She put the phial back and the board over it, and went downstairs and out on to the road to Warp with her bag in one hand and Mr. Coots in his basket in the other. She hoped they would take him too; she couldn't leave him behind. She walked very slowly up the hill, for Mr. Coots though thin was heavy, and the red house seemed a long way away. But at last she set down the basket and bag outside the gate and stayed awhile to rest.

The sun was out and a blackbird sat singing in a thorn-bush. While she stood there looking down the valley an old man came out of the red house and walked slowly down the drive to take the air and sun. At the gate he paused, and watched the woman in the road who looked down to the village and the drifting blue smoke from the cottage chimneys. He watched her till she turned and came towards him, and then she saw him, and her heart turned within her. . . . She was a girl again, standing at a garden gate, while he strode down the lane, sent from her because she was afraid.

"John," she breathed.

"Marina." He took her hand and led her to a seat inside the gate. And the sun shone warmly as they sat and talked.

Mr. Coots, waking inside his basket, mewed an urgent appeal and they bent to release him. He stepped out, delicately, and rubbed his gratitude about their ankles. Then curling his long tail about his precisely placed feet he sat and gazed at them, his eyes luminous and soft, his forepaws kneading a gentle accompaniment to his purring upon the gravel.

When the blackbird left the thorn-bush a bell called from the house, and the man and the woman went slowly up the drive. She leaned upon his arm, for she was very tired, and in his other hand he carried her small bag. Treading softly behind them came Mr. Coots, his tail carried high and gently curved into a sinuous query mark.



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LADY DALKEITH AND HER DAUGHTERS WITH THE  
BUCCLEUCH

Walter Brydon

The fixture was at the kennels, St. Boswells, and Eildon Hall, the seat of the Master, Lord Dalkeith, is only just above, on the magic Eildon Hills, which some say were made by the Devil to the order of Michael Scott, the Magician, to get one back on the monks of Melrose. The two little girls are Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline Scott

#### The Lights! The Lights!

**B**ARRING the fact that Mrs. P. V. and I recently celebrated our silver wedding (Lord! how the years do roll by to be sure), I don't know what it is to live under the regime of a dictator, but I do wish from my heart that some automobilistic Mussolini would arise in these islands and straighten out the appalling tangle into which our road lighting and our car lighting affairs have got. The present conditions, as I think will be agreed by anyone who does much darkness driving, are in the highest degree ridiculous, inconvenient, and dangerous. Everybody seems to be a law unto himself, or herself, and the worst of it is that, apparently, they expect others to conform to a law that, naturally enough, changes every few seconds. There are the people with the newer type of car that has dipping lamps. No complaints about those, except when they angrily flicker them up and down, forgetting that all others are not so fortunate as themselves. I suppose that about two-thirds of the cars on the road to-day have not got dipping lamps, hence all their drivers can do is to switch off their head-lights altogether and rely upon side-lamps, which are usually utterly inadequate for any kind of illumination. There are, of course, many who, by experience, hold that practice to be extremely risky, having regard to the invisibility of so many cyclists' rear reflectors, and these will not switch off for anyone at all. Then there are cars in which the dimmer switch brings one head-lamp into use instead of two. It is all intensely confusing, and all very bad indeed, for the trouble is that the human eye cannot instantly adjust itself to sudden variations in the intensity of light. I wonder how many accidents, or at least narrow shaves, have been caused in these circumstances. A chap on an old car, with non-dimmable head-lights, meets a cad on a new one with the latest and most brilliant. The latter dips, the other dare not. The cad promptly proceeds to remind his *vis-à-vis* of his duty, by giving him a full dose of candle-power that temporarily blinds him. This, by the way, constitutes in my humble judgment the only condition in which any importance can be attached to that common plea, "I was dazzled by on-coming lights," for, in this instance, one has not a chance to slow down quickly enough to be safe. My own night driving, for the most part, I do with one dipped lamp, its beam carefully aimed to 50 yards to the left kerb. This is good enough for a fair speed, and cannot trouble anyone. It is only on pretty clear country roads that the off-side-head is brought into use. Then there are those peculiar people who use high-power head-lamps in street-lit areas. But perhaps that is because their side-lights are really no good at all for anything but parking purposes. All

# Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

this would be quite bad enough, but it is made infinitely worse by the chaos of road and street lighting. When a boy I was wont to look over a bridge spanning a great railway junction, and wonder how the loco-driver contrived to pick out the light by which he was to be guided. Why, that is child's play compared to the poor motorist's job nowadays. What with red tail-lamps, red danger lamps, red cat's-eyes on white posts, red cat's-eyes on telegraph posts, neon-lights on shops, cycle reflectors, advertising announcements, the multi-coloured coruscations of service depots, stop lights of many hues, rubies on the tops of vans, rubies in the middle of back panels, rubies on off-side mudguards—and all of them exaggerated and distorted by a polished wet surface—he really has a hard job of it to see what he is doing. Meanwhile the City and Borough fathers, who look after the glorious red, green and amber, are painfully inconsistent. Sometimes they give you warning of what is expected of you, sometimes they just don't. Oft their signals are automatic, but occasionally they are worked by hand. Here they are at important cross-roads; there they mark an arbitrary pedestrian-crossing. And then, consider that street refuges can be denoted by anyone of twenty-four different ways; I have counted more than half that number in London alone. Consider the always unlighted and wobbling delivery tricycle. Consider, in the country, the walker with the wavering electric torch. Well, the whole lot make a jolly little hotch-potch, do they not? The Lord be thanked, the law has not yet stepped in to make confusion worse confounded. But we shall really have to do something towards sorting these things out for ourselves, for the present lack of system, and utter lack of organization in motoring opinion, simply will not do!

#### Full of Spirit.

**T**he reviewing of books in THE TATLER, as you may have noticed, is generally done by a far more competent hand than mine. But for once I must poach upon Mr. Richard King's preserves in order to write a few words about Sir Henry ("Tim") Birkin's composition entitled "Full Throttle." Let me assert at once that this volume will solve the Christmas present problem for innumerable uncles and aunts who have aspiring, enthusiastic, and adolescent nephews (and nieces) whose minds turn towards the sporting motor car and everything—romance included—that lies behind it. "Full Throttle" is an intensely vivid chronicle of stirring events, the story is splendidly told, and there is no doubt that it grips. If it is not heavy with matter it has a most insidious manner—and I frankly confess that my reading of it as a non-stop proposition was only spoilt by a pause for a meal at which books are strictly not allowed. Sir Henry's career has been followed closely by all who take an interest in motor-racing, and it has been hectic and brilliant enough. The memorial of it would have been better, I think, if he had taken a little more time over its compilation and had not kept his foot quite so hard down upon the accelerator. To the maturer reader there is a lack of contrast. But then if the writer for some years has lived *fortissimo*, the reader can have little quarrel with this dynamic. He, however, relates magnificent exploits with far too much modesty. One is tempted to ask whether a participant in a number of terrific events is in the best position to write about them, for surely here is an instance where the spectator sees the most of the game. As entertainment the book is admirable and the man who sneaks it from my shelf will get something heavy; but to the old-stager it has too many defects for its virtues. Why should Sir Henry Birkin expose himself as a petulant and fractious spoilt boy? He is "in a rage" because the British motor industry will not build Grand Prix cars, cannot get a race on English roads, and positively tolerates Brooklands—for which he has no use whatsoever. I admire "Tim" as an enthusiast and a magnificent driver—but this kind of stuff is simply silly. Nor does he advance one single cogent argument why he should be endowed with the toys upon which he has set his stout heart. Of course, motor-racing in real racing cars is a great a gallant, a magnificent sport . . . but unhappily only a very few have any use for it, none in this country and none in America. Dividends are hard to find. A beautiful, satisfying, sincere, and certainly exciting example of special pleading is "Full Throttle."

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

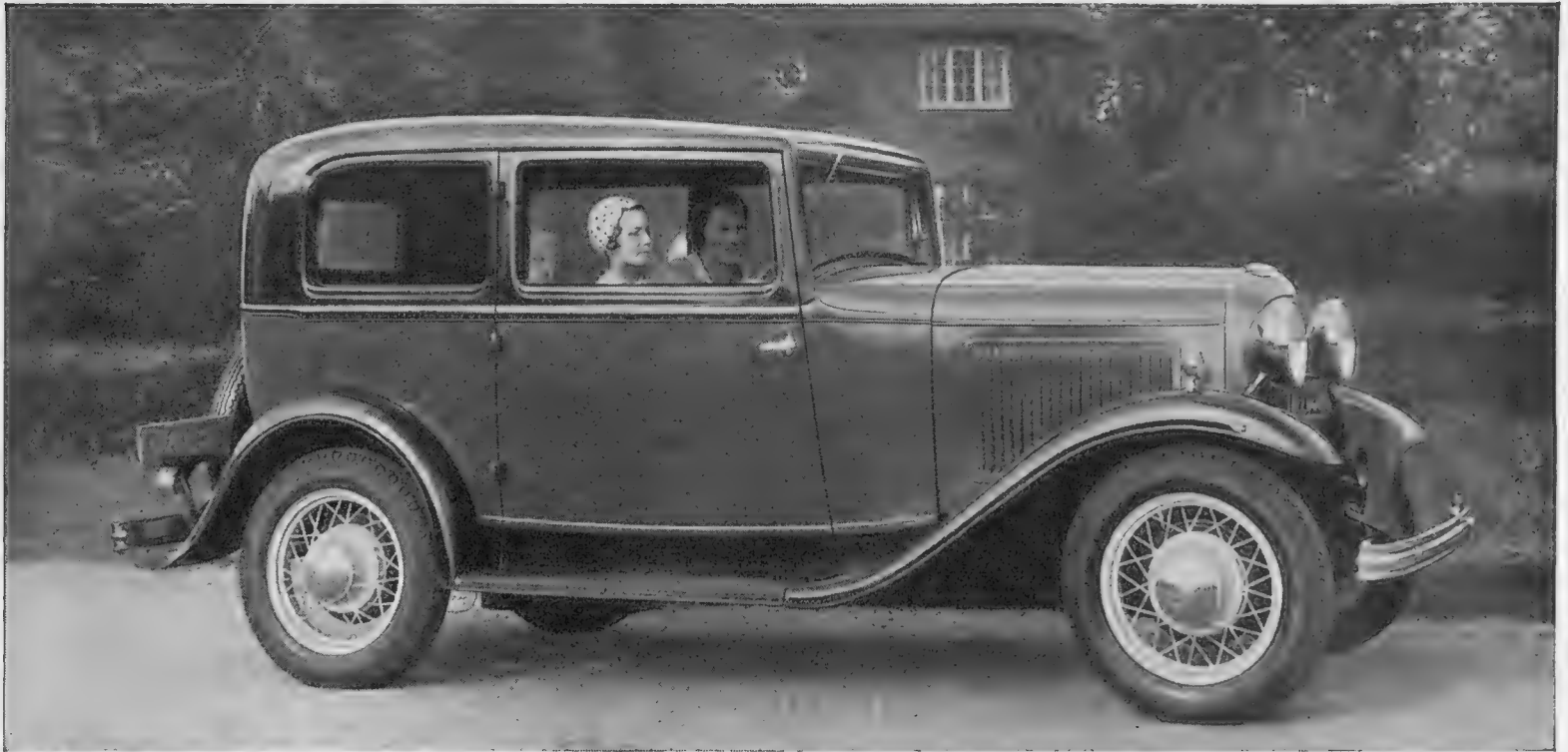
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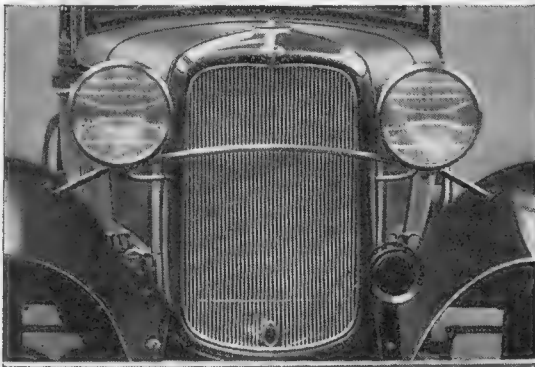
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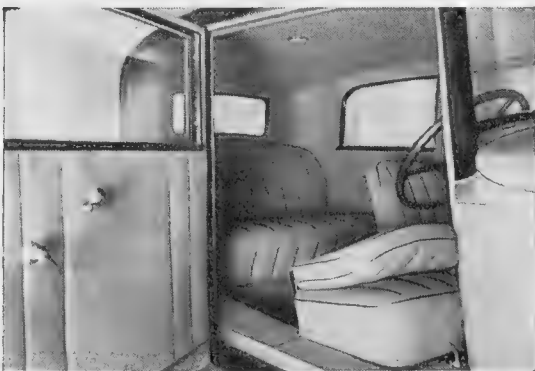
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## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

**N**OMINATION of officials, election of officers, are phrases which haunt the golfer at the moment. No matter how long her handicap, how humble her aspirations, she is bound to be summoned to some meeting or her club to elect officials for the coming year. If she is not careful she will find herself elected. Would it be possible to whisper a word of advice into the ear of all such who attend meetings? For pity's sake listen to what the chair is saying and do not talk to your next-door neighbour while the chair is trying to talk to the meeting. Time was when every paper in need of a joke described the lady discussing a new hat or her baby's teeth with her next-door neighbour at a committee meeting. That may be out of date, but the committee woman is still terribly prone to discuss her views on the golfing matter under discussion with the member next to her instead of speaking up to the chair. The chair, and incidentally the meeting, loses all the benefit of her remarks; she herself loses all that the chair is saying. It is, amongst other things, extremely rude to interrupt anybody else when they are speaking, but there are moments when your ignoramus on a committee will commit even that crime.

Possibly the chair may be to blame. She should say all that she has to say in a voice loud enough to be heard, a suggestion which ought to be too obvious to need including here. Moreover, she should have no hesitation about thumping firmly on the table if she sees or hears an undercurrent of talk going on when members should be attending to what she is saying, or to what somebody else may be saying. Far be it from me to suggest that people should not talk at a committee meeting. Any chairwoman will tell you that half her difficulties arise because people sit mum at a meeting and then let loose a flood of criticism as soon as they are outside its doors. But what they say must be said for all to hear, and not in a distracting whisper to the person on the seat beside them. That is a digression.

This article sets out to suggest that there ought to be a lot more discretion used in selecting those who are to serve on committees or elected as officials. Everybody knows that the secretary should have, amongst other assets, a legible hand-writing and an orderly mind; the captain, an impartial mind, a gift for inspiring her own players, and for being hospitable to those of a visiting team. But there

are other attributes for committee women. One of them at least ought to be chosen entirely for her persuasive powers over the men's portion of the club, if that portion holds the purse strings, and must be approached in season and out of season for all that the ladies want. She must have a quarter of an eye for seeing the men's point of view and all the rest for seeing the ladies', a flair for knowing when to give way and when to stand firm, and for choosing the right minute to approach a man official who has doubtless many other things to think of besides the concerns of the ladies' section.

Then, as well as these, at least one member of the committee should be chosen frankly because she has the gift of making a club house look and feel attractive and comfortable. We are long past the old days when any sort of a tin shanty was considered good enough for a club house. But there are still a good many rooms given over to the ladies which fill one with woeful depression on entering them. An odour, not of sanctity, but of musty wool hangs over them. Garments which one would think it impossible for any twentieth-century woman to put upon her unoffending back hang in limp folds from rusty pegs. Uncleaned shoes, down at heel, stand in forlorn rows on the floor. The wash-hand basins are cracked, the soap has seen long service, the towel—one of its kind—is a veteran. In the sitting-

room—heaven forbid that one should have to sit there long—papers many months old lie in confusion, notices of Open Meetings long since played and forgotten hang on the walls or, worse still, lie about amongst the stale

papers. If there is a copy of the L.G.U. Year Book it is of the year before last. The chairs are uncomfortable; their covers, if any, would be the better for a wash.

As for the pleasing picture on the wall or a vase of flowers on the mantelpiece, such amenities are unheard of. But we can all of us think of the clubs where somebody takes trouble over these little matters. These are hard times, and neither club committees nor the officials themselves may have much to

spend on furnishing or decorating club-rooms, but there is much that still might be done. A jumble sale, for example, after due notice posted in the club house, might find better homes for those musty coats, those rotting shoes, than the locker-room. The few shillings might purchase, if not a new carpet or arm-chair, at least a few clean towels, a cake or two of soap. Many a woman nowadays can upholster her own chairs. If the sale of the rubbish could buy some chintz there might be a wonderful transformation in the sitting-room. Ten minutes a week devoted by an orderly minded member of the committee would keep the Open Meeting notices and the periodicals in their proper places, which should include the waste-paper basket. And if somebody with a garden and an eye for flowers would volunteer at least on competition days to put a vase of something in the sitting-room, it would make a wonderful attraction which I firmly believe might find some sort of a shadow in the club's receipts. How can the grubby, scrubby club house expect members, and certainly not visitors paying green fees, to spend more time than they are positively obliged in it?

Flowers make a wonderful difference. Cooden Beach was one of the first in the south to set up a tradition of great bowls of roses at their Open Meeting. Royal Ashdown Forest Ladies set a perfect example of this, going as far as to grow just that brand of dahlia which will harmonize with the china and hangings of their charming little club-house. Brocton Hall, with its great family mansion entrance hall, would never look itself if a glorious great jar of delphiniums or gladiolus or something equally big and beautiful did not stand on the long oak table amongst the shining

silver cups. Royal Lytham and St. Annes are no less particular in the matter of flowers. You may see Miss Jones or some of her confederates with armfuls of flowers even at unlikely seasons of the year. Alwoodley might be famed for its delightful room typical of many another in Yorkshire. The thing can be done. It may mean putting somebody on the committee who would have no idea how to decide a knotty question of handicapping, or even of committee procedure, but that somebody has an eye for home decoration, and that should be sufficient.

Golfing games, more or less entertaining, generally put in an appearance at this time of year, and this year has produced one very emphatically of the "more" type. Kargo, otherwise Card-Golf, would almost reconcile you to an afternoon in the card-room when you had meant to have a round of the course itself. I verily believe it would give one almost as much satisfaction to play one of those sunk putts over which the queen is gloating so undisguisedly, as to do the genuine thing on the green outside, while the joker who represents holed approach would be compensation for anything. It would not surprise me to find packs of Kargo cards finding their way into every club-house, alongside the ordinary variety over which the contract-ers wrangle.



Taking the chill off: Miss Dix-Perkin finds her hot-water bottle a wise precaution against the frozen mitt when playing winter golf at Sandy Lodge or farther afield



**This is a gift as old as time,  
as young as love—**

## ***The Gift of Jewels!***

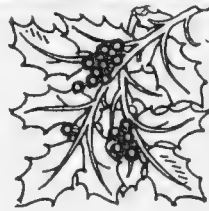
There is no gift so subtly pleasing as the gift of jewels, for it is the gift of brightness . . . . . of richness . . . . . of beauty itself. The gift that every woman dreams of. Give jewels—and you give the realisation of a dream. Give **Ciro** jewels, and you give great beauty for a modest cost!

Here is a small selection from the famous **Ciro** collections. You will find many more in the latest **Ciro** catalogue No. 8—more still in any **Ciro** Showroom—**Ciro's** Unique Offer allows you to see, handle, and compare with real, the jewel of your choice in your own home without any obligation to purchase—details are given in the catalogue—write for it *now*!

\*The famous **Ciro** pearl Necklet, 16" long, with real platinum or gold clasp, costing one guinea, makes an ideal Christmas gift—probably the most famous gift in the world.

# **Ciro**

**48 OLD BOND ST., W.1, 178 REGENT ST., W.1  
120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.**



4983. Beautiful Bow Brooch. **Ciro** Diamonds £1.1.0

5269. **Ciro** Diamonds mounted solid gold and platinette. £1.1.0

5237. Selected **Ciro** Sapphire mounted with fine baguette shoulders in platinette. £2.2.0

5374. Exclusive Ring. **Ciro** Sapphires and Diamonds. £2.2.0

8008. Smart Brooch. **Ciro** Diamonds and platinette. £1.1.0

4994. Original Clip. **Ciro** Diamonds and platinette. £1.1.0

1363. Delicate Earring. **Ciro** Diamonds and Pearls. £1.11.6

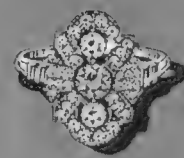
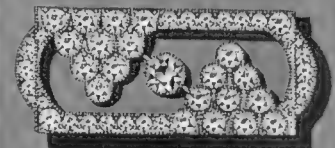
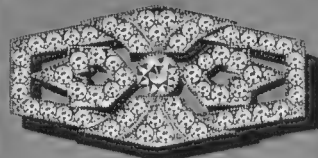
1464. Exclusive design. **Ciro** Pearls and Diamonds. £3.3.0

1271. Attractive Earring. **Ciro** Diamonds and Pearls. £1.1.0

8090. Smart and original. **Ciro** Diamonds and platinette. £1.1.0

5430. Exclusive and original. **Ciro** Diamonds £2.2.0

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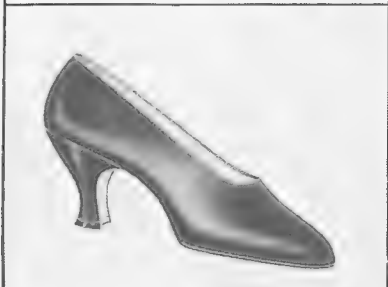




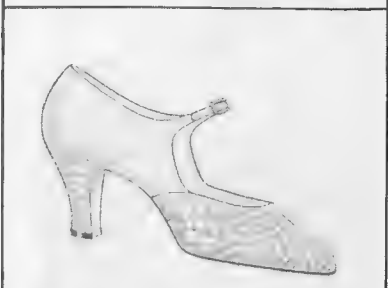
# New Christmas Shoes for Ball-room and Boudoir



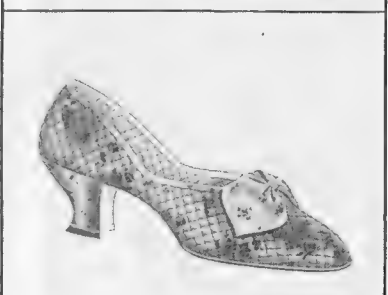
Very Smart SANDAL SHOE in gold and silver kid, with instep strap and buckle fastening ... 35/9



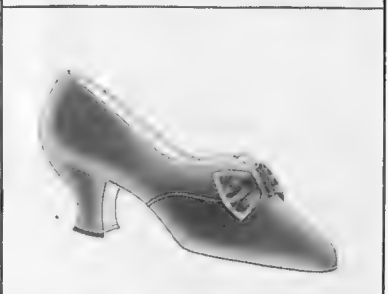
Well-cut COURT SHOE of black crêpe-de-chine, with medium toe and Louis heel. Also in white, for dyeing; and in black satin ... 16/11



Dainty STRAP SHOE of plain and fancy crêpe-de-chine combined. In white, for dyeing to any shade; also in black. 16/9



GRECIAN SLIPPER of printed silk, in a charming blossom design on grounds of pink, blue, beige, and black 10/11



VELVET SLIPPER, with leather sole and comfortable medium heel. In blue, green, brown, wine, red, and black, with matching bow ... 9/11



SHEBA SLIPPER of quilted satin, trimmed with soft brown fur. In black, beige, saxe, and rose ... 14/11

HARVEY NICHOLS of KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1

## WANTED – Christmas Parties

We've lots and lots of frocks, very sweet frocks, simply longing for Christmas parties. But, as it happens, we don't very often give parties—so if anybody knows of a really good Party . . . . . ?



5115 Gold georgette over Jap silk, the frills being picoted on edge. 28 inches, 97/6, rising 5/- a size.

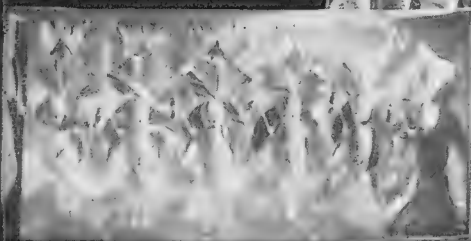
# ROWE'S

*The Children's Tailors*

★ Illustrated 'Party Clothes' Lists sent on request

WM. ROWE & CO. LTD., 106 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1

"I Advise..."



A party frock from Rowe's, 106, New Bond Street; the one pictured on the right is of pale pink net, and of fancy dresses suitable for the coming Christmas and New Year festivities there is a variety



xmas Gifts



by

M. E. BROOKE



That all boys be taken to Bassett-Lowke of High Holborn, or else let them be given the catalogue. There are miniature models of boats found in Egyptian tombs



That unto the inhabitants of the nursery this monkey be given; it comes from Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, and so does the palm tree



This pretty dolly and her outfit from Druce's of Baker Street; she is surrounded by a collection of cuddly toys. Then there are zoos, farm yards, and gardens with very life-like animals

Pictures by Blake

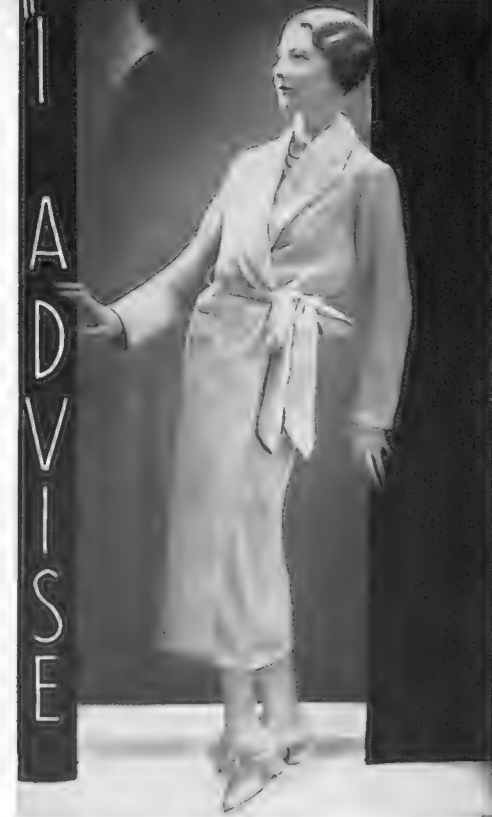


## FOR THE BOUDOIR



A visit to Emile's, 24, Conduitt Street, as there is a host of possibilities to explore; what could be more charming than a perfume spray, necklace, earrings, or powder puff?

I ADVISE



A corduroy velveteen dressing-gown like the one above from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly; they are available for 15s. in all fashionable pastel shades



This really charming breakfast

jacket from Margery Willis, 23, Brompton Road; it is made of Shetland wool lined with georgette, trimmed with swans-down and a motif of flowers, and the cost is merely 12s. 11d.



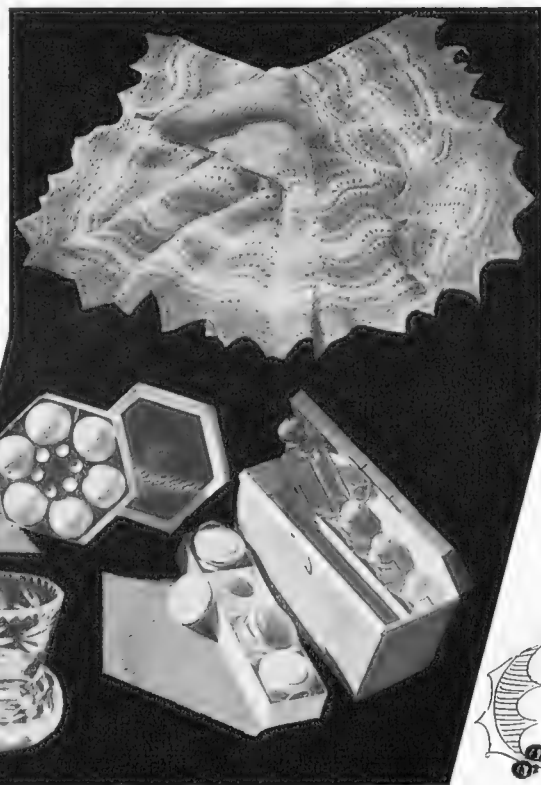
The latest novelty from Adderly's, Leicester; it is a hot water bottle filled with bath salts by Velray; it costs 3s. 11d.; there are many other designs



That a bride be given this lovely wrapper from Barrance and Ford, Brighton; it is carried out in an elusive shade of pink broché enriched with swans-down to harmonize



Something from North of the Tweed, viz. from Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh; they are responsible for the Shetland shawl, soap golf balls, beauty box, and violet vases



# Two Pages from The Gift Book by Debenhams

Post free on Request.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS



## LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS

18. IRISH WHITE LINEN, with hand-appliqué design in colours and rolled edge to match. Each 1/11  
Dozen 22/6.

19. IRISH LINEN, with net edge and coloured design. Each 1/9  
Dozen 20/-.

20. IRISH LINEN, with Chinese hand-embroidery. Each 1/9  
Dozen 20/-.

21. TWO-TONED IRISH LINEN, with hand-embroidered dots in green, blue, beige and red. Each 1/2  
Dozen 13/6.

22. IRISH LINEN, with wide coloured border in pink, blue, green, beige, embroidered in one corner. Each 1/6  
Dozen 17/6.

23. FRENCH LINEN, with coloured border in red, blue, beige, green or navy. Each 9d.  
Dozen 8/11.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, WIGMORE ST., W.1

In the present Gift Book are numerous suggestions for making presents of articles of quality—noteworthy, too, for their moderateness in price.

## BRITISH BAGS



16. CALF LEATHER BAG, mounted on novelty frame, fitted divided inner division and vanity case. In black and colours. 79/6

18. USEFUL SHOPPING BAG, in fine seal leather, double inner division and mirror, lined suede. In black, brown and navy. 84/-

19. REAL CROCODILE THUMB LOOP HAND BAG, divided centre division and mirror. In black, brown, navy, green and red. 59/6

17. THE NEW BOW POUCH BAG, in fine calf leather in all colours, with white washable leather contrast. 49/6

20. PIQUE GRAINED CALF HAND BAG, with gilt-edged tab and clasp, centre division and vanity case. Black and colours. 59/6

ON APPROVAL WILLINGLY  
DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, WIGMORE ST., W.1

A Gift from Debenhams is a gift carrying character and distinction—always a pleasure in the giving, knowing that it is one pleasing to receive.

# Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1



## I ADVISE



A visit to Floris, Jermyn Street, as there are assembled three score floral perfumes, including red rose, honeysuckle, etc.

## BEAUTY GIFTS



An Ava gift box, as ultra violet rays have been put to a new use in this soap, which has a beneficial effect on the skin. In addition to the soap with its Eau de Cologne fragrance there are a variety of other toilet specialities



Something bearing the name of Yardley. The gift cases range in price from 3s. 6d. to 32s. 6d.; some are for men and others for women, and there are bottles of fragrant lavender from 1s. 3d. to £2 2s.



A study of Marshall and Snelgrove's, Birmingham, catalogue. The bedside lamp pictured, complete with shade, is 12s. 6d., and the two powder puffs are 7s. 6d.



Some beauty preparations that bear the name of Pomeroy. They are sold practically everywhere, their G.H.Q. being 29, Old Bond Street, W.1. Among them are skin food, beauty milk, and safada for the hands



A bottle of Houbigant's "Quelques Fleurs" or one of the other perfume triumphs of this firm. As will be seen the containers are artistic and simple, and are sold practically everywhere at very pleasantly moderate prices

Pictures by Blake

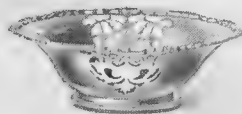
# MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

## Silver Specialists

A Catalogue of Gifts will be gladly  
sent upon request



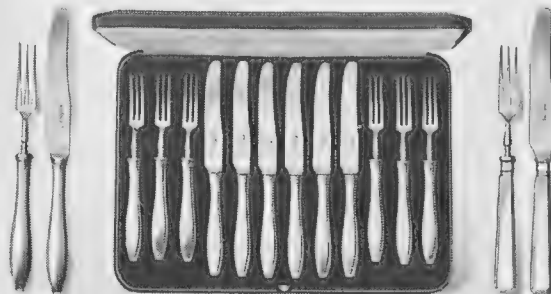
B5122: Preserve Jar with Sterling Silver Lid and Spoon £1.2.6



22632: Pierced Sterling Silver Sweet Dish.  
4½ ins. diam. £1.7.6



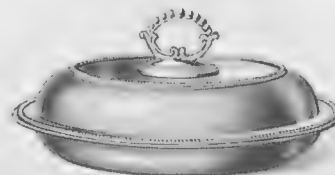
27633: Round "Pyrex" Dish in Prince's Plate Frame.  
7 ins. diam. £1.11.6 8 ins. £1.17.6  
9 ins. £2.2.0  
27822: Oval Shape, 9½ ins. long £1.18.6



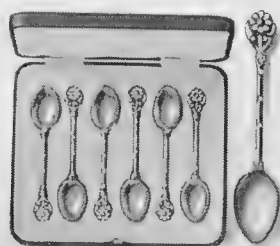
4748 Case of Sterling Silver handled Tea Knives and Forks. Stainless Steel Blades.  
6 pairs in Case £3.5.0  
6 Knives only in Case £1.15.0



22663: Sterling Silver Condiment Set with glass linings. Salt Cellar £0.15.0  
Mustard Pot £1.5.0  
Pepper Pot £0.16.6  
(Including spoons)



20587: Prince's Plate Entrée Dish, Bead Mount.  
10 ins. long £2.10.0  
11 ins. long £2.15.0



B5113: Case of 6 Sterling Silver Gilt and Enamel Coffee Spoons £1.5.0



B5202: Engine-turned Sterling Silver bevelled edge Cigarette Case, with Spring Clip in place of elastic.

3½ ins. long £2.15.0  
4 ins. long £3.10.0  
5 ins. long £4.5.0

22370: Sterling Silver Air-tight Canister. 3½ ins. by 3 ins. To hold 50 Cigarettes £1.1.0

N2464: Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, lined Cedar. Engine-turned lid.  
3½ ins. long £2.17.6  
5½ ins. long £3.15.0  
6½ ins. long £4.15.0

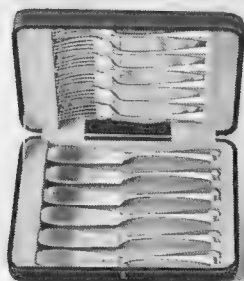


27771: English Cut Glass Biscuit Box.  
Sterling Silver Mounts £4.10.0  
Prince's Plate Mounts £2.5.0

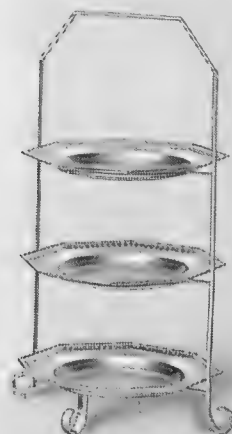


27699: Prince's Plate Muffin Dish £1.15.0

27847: Prince's Plate and Aluminium Electric Heating Stand. 6 ins. £2.10.0  
7 ins. £2.15.0  
Please state voltage required



3408: 6 pairs Rat-tail Pattern Fish Knives and Forks in Case.  
Sterling Silver £6.0.0  
Prince's Plate £2.5.0



25657: Prince's Plate Afternoon Tea Stand. Octagonal Plates, 8 ins. diam. Height of Stand 15½ ins. £4.7.6

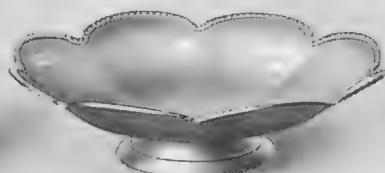


15969: Sugar Dredger. Prince's Plate.

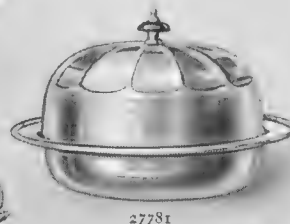
6½ ins. £0.17.6  
8 ins. £1.2.6  
Sterling Silver, 6½ ins. £2.0.0  
8 ins. £3.0.0



22681: Sterling Silver Butter Dish with Glass Lining and Green Handled Knife.  
4½ ins. diam. £1.1.0



22670: Sterling Silver Dessert Dish.  
8 ins. diam. £3.15.0



27781: Prince's Plate Muffin Dish with loose lining £1.5.0  
26407: With plain Cover £1.1.0



22673: Tea Set, 2 pints. Sterling Silver £12.15.0  
Prince's Plate £7.15.0  
19282: Silver, 11½ ins. Sterling Silver £11.0.0  
Prince's Plate £4.4.0



# "I ADVISE



A pound, or two or three pounds, of "The Doctor's China Tea." Being free from excess tannin it is harmless even to the most delicate digestions; it is sold at 3s. 2d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. 4d. per pound



British liqueurs, those of Thomas Grant and Sons of Maidstone, Kent; they are Morella Cherry Brandy, Invicta-mint Crème de Menthe, and Sloe Gin

# CHRISTMAS

Among W. and R. Jacobs' all British biscuits there is something for everyone. Some are covered with chocolate, and there are others that may well be christened surprises — they have been specially made for the modern gourmet



Carr's biscuits, as Christmas would not be Christmas without them. There is an infinite variety of assorted fancy biscuits as well as imposing Christmas cakes. They are really sold practically everywhere



Wills' "Gold Flake" Cigarettes and Capstan; they are arranged in attractive postal cartons, each containing 100 cigarettes, especially for Christmas; they are 4s. 10d. per case



Wines, spirits, and cigars from such an old established firm as Hedges and Butler of Regent Street. The booklet on wines and the Christmas list should be studied with care, as they show that the prices are moderate

## THE ESSENCE OF GOOD TAILORING

Many of Pope and Bradley's advertisements have referred to the importance of the West End "Log." The term is a technical one, and its significance should be clearly understood.

The comparatively small body of expert craftsmen—hand-sewing tailors sitting cross-kneed on the board—are paid by piecework. The "Log" is the schedule of hours allowed for any garment, or part of a garment. The West End "Log" denotes the finest and highest paid workmanship in England.

It is an integral part of the business of Pope and Bradley, and represents a very essential difference between the hand-sewn Suit and the cheap machine-made imitation.

The London Time Log, which only a handful of the most exclusive tailors in the West End adhere to, is more intricate than any cross-word puzzle invented. The sewing of a lounge jacket, for instance, is paid for by 22½ "log" hours start, plus an hour or one hour and a half for each pocket, so much for each cut (seam), two and a half hours for the buttons on the cuffs, and so on, plus innumerable

"extras," such as double-breasted lapels, "extra size" for fat men, and so on, so that the total is seldom less than forty hours.

Every coat made by Pope and Bradley is hand-sewn according to the London Time Log. Including such additional expenditures as "extra Working up of breasts—one hour," on all coats a careful process of moulding and shrinking over extended shoulder canvases, which is responsible for that generous, manly chest as opposed to the meagre flat chests of machine-made suits.

This "log" hand-sewing and these extras account for the very high cost of production. But it is the log journey-men-tailors who are responsible for working style into a suit—even our cutters could not work the miracle without the right labour. And the moulding and shaping of the hair-cloth, canvas, linens, and other interlining by hand, means that the suit keeps its shape and style throughout the decades.

Lounge Suits from Ten Guineas. Dinner Suits from Fifteen Guineas. Dress Suits from Sixteen Guineas.

## Pope and Bradley

14, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



## The luxury that is not expensive IMPERIAL AIR TRAVEL

The speed and luxury of travel by Imperial Airways will be a revelation to you. London to Paris in a 2¼ hours flight. To India in 6½ days. To Cape Town in 11 days. There is lavatory accommodation in every Imperial Airways liner. In both the above Empire journeys you will sleep comfortably on land each night in accommodation provided free by Imperial Airways. You can book to intermediate places en route and the journey itself will be of extraordinary interest, while the time saved is of immense value. Excellent meals are served during flight

FULL DETAILS and leaflets about the routes from any travel agency or from Imperial Airways Ltd., Airway Terminus, Victoria Station (facing entrance to Continental Departure Platform), S.W.1, or Airways House, Charles Street, Lower Regent Street. Telephone: Victoria 2211 (Night and Day).

Telegrams: 'Impairlim. London.'

# IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

LONDON: Airway Terminus, Victoria Station (Continental Departures), S.W.1; PARIS: Airways House, 38, Avenue de l'Opéra; ALEXANDRIA: Marine Air Port, Ras-el-tin. P.O. Box 1705; KARACHI: Karachi Air Port; CAPE TOWN: Wingfield Aerodrome; NEW YORK: The Plaza, Fifth Avenue, and 59th Street.

ALSO SEND  
YOUR FREIGHT AND MAILS BY AIR

THE BRITISH AIR LINE

Stuart





A gift case of Scrubb's perfumed bath ammonia and soap. Among the fragrances obtainable are Eau de Cologne, Pine Rose, Jasmine, and Lavender. It is really wonderful, the tonic and invigorating qualities of this ammonia

A silk-satin nightdress from Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street, W.1. This one is enriched with lace and accompanied by a breakfast jacket. The tiger ostrich feather stole also comes from this firm



A sling brace for broken collar-bones, fractures, and shoulder injuries, it holds the body perfectly straight and thus helps the injury to heal by the level balance; from Marian Jacks, 30, Old Bond Street, W.1



Toiletries of quality that bear the name of Bronnley. There is a splendid assortment of gift boxes, perfumes, soaps, and bath salts

# Serviceable Gifts



This attractive lace wool breakfast jacket. It is lined with silk and trimmed with swans-down; it is available in many shades from Marshall and Snelgrove of Manchester, and the cost, it is 16s. 11d.



Pictures by Blake

# COMMUNITY PLATE

GUARANTEED FOR 50 YEARS



6 Tea Spoons and Tongs  
in Leatherette Case  
15/6



7 piece Grape Fruit Set  
in Leatherette Case  
21/-



6 pairs Fish Knives and  
Forks, Ivory Handles, in  
Leatherette Case  
37/6

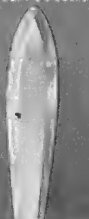


The New Sovereign  
Service Tray Carver  
With Service for four - £5-0-0 With Service for six - £7-0-0  
With Service for eight - £9-0-0

Hepplewhite



Patrician



Deauville



Baby Spoon, Loop and  
Pusher, in Leatherette  
Case  
10/-

BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD.

## hotel cristina algeciras

**ENJOY THE WINTER SUNSHINE!**  
A cruise of three days brings you to this famous hotel-de-luxe on the shores of the Mediterranean, recently rebuilt and refurnished. Private Suites, bath-rooms to most bedrooms, hot and cold water in every bedroom, beautiful gardens of twenty acres. Magnificent Scenery. Hard Tennis Courts. Golf. Bathing.

Ideal Centre for visiting Southern Spain, Morocco, etc.

VISIT THIS BRITISH-OWNED HOTEL  
FACING THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

Full particulars and tariff from the Secretary, Iberian Hotels (Dept. T.), 28, Austin Friars, E.C.2, or Thos. Cook & Son (Dept. T.), Berkeley St., W.1, or Dean & Dawson (Dept. T.), 81, Piccadilly, W.1

THE WORLD'S FINEST TOY SHOP

## Children enraptured

They've never seen anything like it before! Such amazing working models, such hundreds of wonderful toys. They've never seen a model railway like the model railway at Hamleys, with over 300 feet of track and the flying expresses scorching past villages, docks, stations and tunnels. They've never seen a model house like the Country Cottage at Hamleys, beautifully furnished and big enough for children to live in. They'll love to see the pond with its speed boats and battleships. They'll love the dolls and the dolls' beauty parlour, the dolls' hospital and the dolls' new tea sets. They could spend hours comparing notes at the model motor show. This is a treat they must not miss this Christmas.

**Yes,  
you must  
take the  
children to**

**Hamleys**  
REGENT STREET

200-202 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



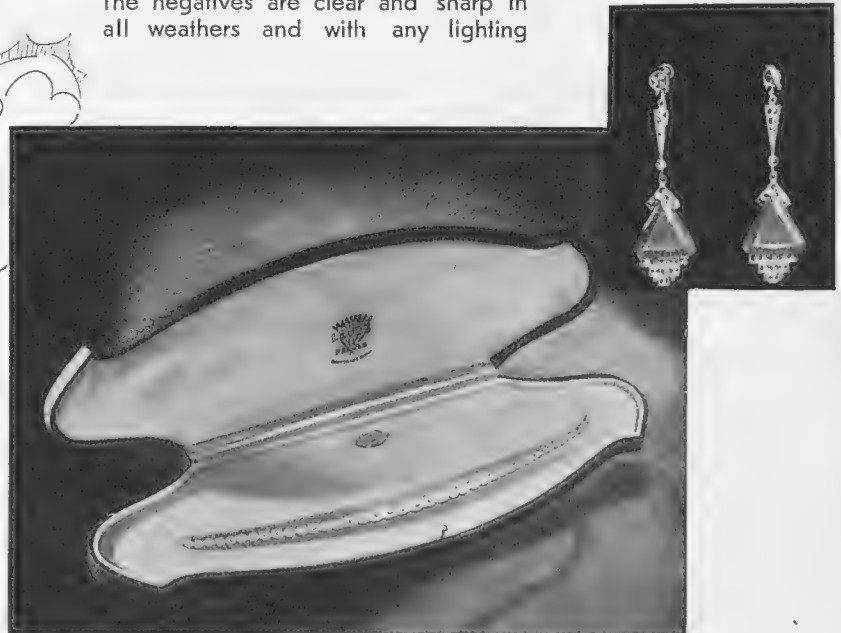
# "I ADVISE ATTRACTIVE GIFTS"

A necklace from Gooch's, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, as they are as artistic as they are modish. A quartette are pictured. The one at the top is of chromium and gilt Milanese, the others are of beads

A Rolleiflex Mirror Reflex because high speed combined with absolute certainty in focusing is provided. The negatives are clear and sharp in all weathers and with any lighting



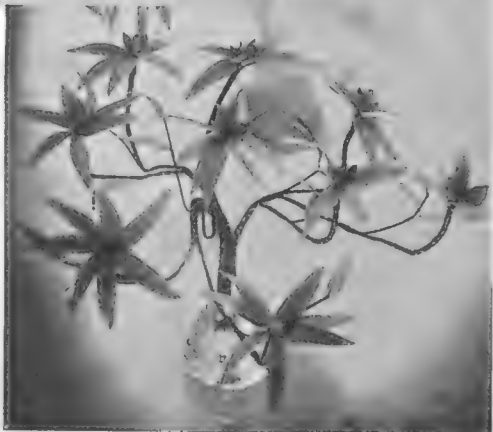
A pull-over and scarf from Romanes and Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh. These are of fine wool, showing a hand-knit effect



A necklace of Lotus pearls from Maurice Lipkin and Co., 278, Broad Street, Birmingham, and there are the earrings in Omar jewellery; they are artistic



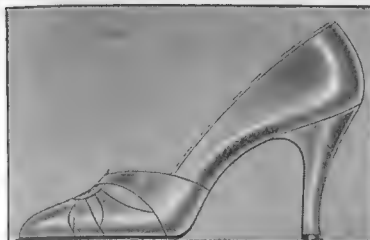
A Japanese garden like those pictured. They introduce a cheery atmosphere to a room, and so does the blue crystal tree, all from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria St., S.W.1



A visit to the Goldsmiths and Silver-smiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.1. There is to be seen the calf pochette, the opera glasses, and the clock in chromium plate and onyx with lovely Royal Doulton porcelain figure

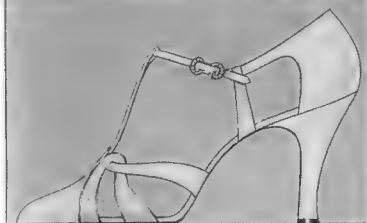


Pictures by  
Blake



STYLE No. 7429 — Black or White Satin at 22/6.

Also in Silver Kid at 25/- Pair



STYLE No. 7403 — Black or White Crepe at 22/6

Also in Gold or Silver Kid 25/- Pair



STYLE No. 8419 — Black or White Crepe, Black or White Satin. Also in Court Style No. 8447 at 25/- Pair

## Evening shoes

Should match your dress — an important feature of smart Evening Wear.

All our models are stocked in White for dyeing to any shade. The charge is 2/6 PER PAIR

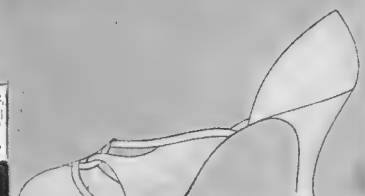
by

# DOLCIS

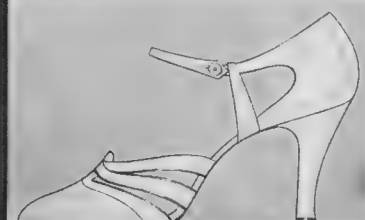
DOLCIS SHOE CO. DOLCIS HOUSE, GREAT DOVER ST., LONDON, S.E.1

INLAND POSTAGE 6d.

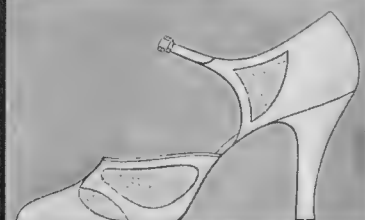
OVERSEAS POSTAGE EXTRA



STYLE No. 8480 — Black or White Crepe, Black or White Satin. Also in Bar Style No. 8405 at 25/- Pair



STYLE No. 7445 — Black or White Crepe, Black or White Satin at 22/6. Also in Silver Kid at 25/- Pair



STYLE No. 7438 — Black or White Crepe with Silk Net Insertion at 22/6. Also in Silver Kid at 25/- Pair



Photo by Mammell

## Miss Joyce Bland,

now playing with such signal distinction in "Children in Uniform" at the Duchess Theatre, writes:

"I AM quite sure my stock of vital energy is due to an occasional course of Phosferine, which assures the healthy rest for the nerves so necessary to ensure a good appearance. Phosferine has been rightly named the 'greatest of all tonics,' as it keeps away headaches and other nerve pains, and makes me feel so fresh and vigorous that I am always ready for the 'extra' work stage life demands. It is such a relief not to have to worry over things, and to be rid of nerve anxiety about keeping bright and vigorous for work, for I am sure Phosferine increases my vitality and at the same time maintains slim fitness."

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.*

# PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

## The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists,

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

**WARNING.**—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



# "I ADVISE XMAS Presents"



Whisky that bears the name of Hiram Walker. There are Canadian Club, Bourbon, and American Rye Whiskies. Of the popularity of Canadian Club in particular it is scarcely necessary to speak, so widespread is the decidedly enviable vogue it enjoys



Cadbury's Chocolates. There are the Baghdad, Anticipation, and Courtship caskets, also King George's chocolates; and then there is Bourn-Vita, the new food drink; it has been welcomed



A surprise, and that is a John Dewar Christmas attaché case; it contains two bottles of John Dewar's White Label Whisky; is neat in appearance



Community Plate. Illustrated is a particularly useful tray canteen case of grape fruit spoons, a baby spoon and pusher in case, also knives; all are excellent Christmas gifts



Something that bears the name of Mackintosh. There are tea-pots, hot-water jugs, and Carlton ware china bowls all filled with their perfectly delicious chocolates. Among the novelties are the "Flying Scotsman," aeroplanes, motors, and windmills



xii

A chair from Carter's, 125, Great Portland Street, W.1. A lounge model is pictured. There is likewise an electric bath chair which has met with unqualified success. It is an ideal conveyance for nervous invalids



Pictures by  
Blake



ESTABLISHED  
1785



# Gieves

LIMITED

21 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

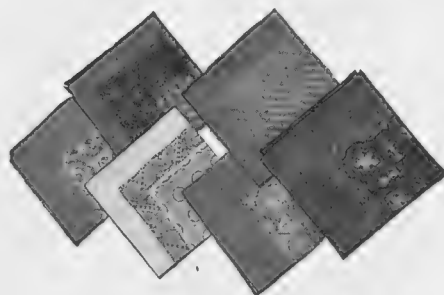
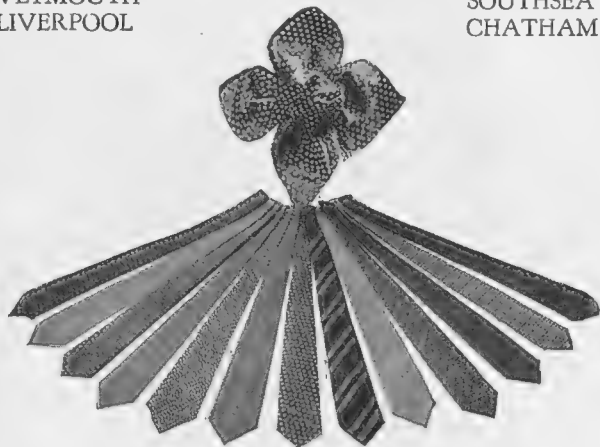
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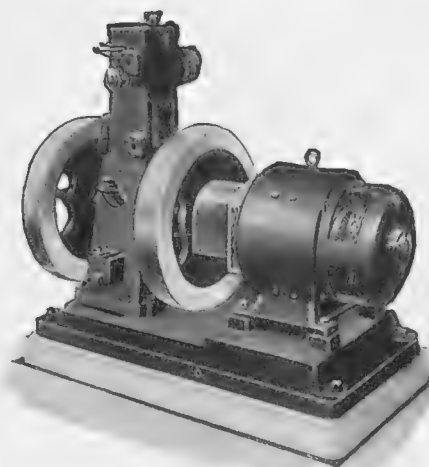
SOUTHAMPTON  
PLYMOUTH  
SOUTHSEA  
CHATHAM



Choosing Xmas Gifts at "Gieves" is really a most pleasing indulgence, especially for those who would choose well. Something appropriate from the varied assortment of useful gifts dear to the normal man's heart will quickly suggest itself at "Gieves."

## What are you Paying for Electricity?

The modern Crude Oil  
Engine is so efficient  
that it often pays to  
generate your own  
supply even for com-  
paratively small  
installations



It will not cost anything to  
consult us and obtain expert  
advice

ESTABLISHED 1886

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### DRAKE & GORHAM

LTD.

36, GROSVENOR GARDENS  
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

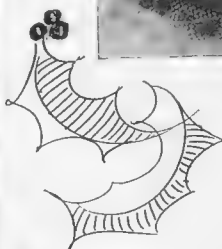
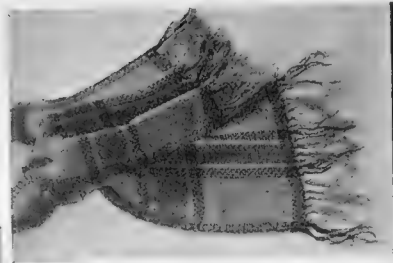
29, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER: 105, High St., WINCHESTER  
51, Waterloo St., GLASGOW: 20a, Bedford Circus, EXETER





★ Advise this rose-coloured velvet hat and scarf from Corot's, 33, Old Bond Street. Pleasant payments by instalments prevail in these salons

# WEARABLE GIFTS



★ A scarf from Burberrys in the Haymarket, as there is just that difference about them that is so important; or a wool jumper like the one above with a mammoth cotton cravat tie

★ The scarf on the left from Aquascutum's, 100, Regent Street. One end is arranged so that a sleeve is formed, while the other may be draped in a variety of ways; they are likewise responsible for the easily adjusted cap



★ That Ramada knitting wool should be given to the industrious needlewoman to enable her to knit this jumper with detachable sleeves. It is sold practically everywhere, and there is a leaflet with full instructions that costs an additional 2d. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it application must be made to Viyella, Castle Boulevard, Nottingham, who will send the address of the nearest agent



★ A "copy" coat from Nicoll's, Regent Street, and of these they have reason to be proud. There is a splendid collection of wool jumpers, also novelties in belts and necklaces; shaded wools make the accessories pictured



# ADVISE

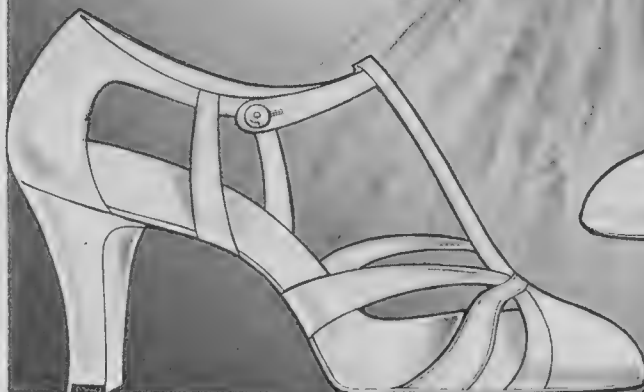
# ABBOTT and Evening SHOES

Poiret, Vionnet, Schiaparelli, and the rest, are doing marvellous things for your Chic—rhapsodies in chiffons, satins and velvet which need the greatest care in the selection of your Evening Shoes.

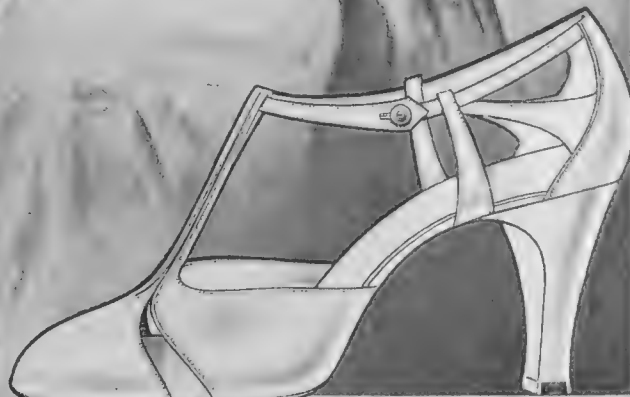
ABBOTT'S have ten salons in Paris within a stone's throw of the most exalted dress houses—they should know, they do know, the shoes to be worn. Simultaneously, this information is available from ABBOTT'S in London.



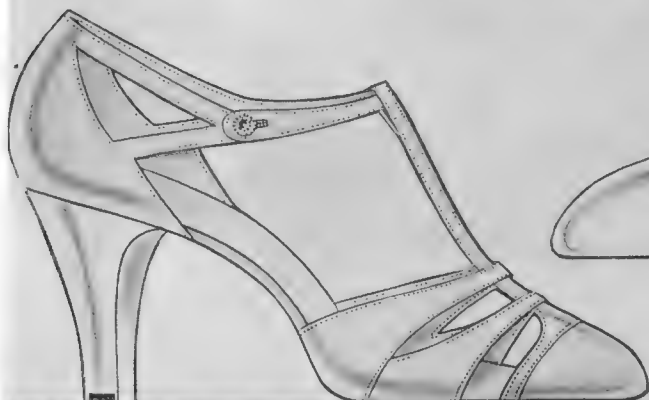
No. 0919 (above).  
White Satin. Can be dyed  
any shade 2/6  
extra (super  
dyeing) **19/9**  
Postage 6d.



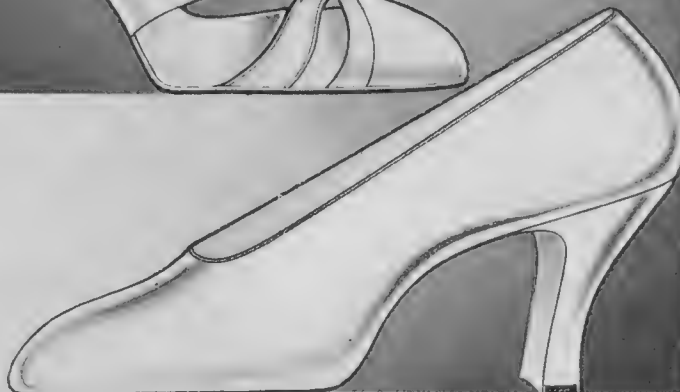
No. 0800 (right).  
White Crepe, trimmed White  
Satin, piped Silver. Black  
Crepe, trimmed  
Black Satin,  
piped Silver **19/9**  
Postage 6d.



No. 0911 (above).  
White Crepe de Chine. Can  
be dyed any  
shade 2/6  
extra (super  
dyeing) **22/9**  
Postage 6d.



No. 0623 (left)  
Made in White Crepe de Chine.  
Black Crepe  
de Chine, and  
White Satin **19/9**  
Postage 6d.



No. 0921 (left).  
Made in fine quality  
Silver Kid. Ditto **30/-**  
in Gold

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

## ABBOTT'S

324, OXFORD STREET, W.

(Next to D. H. EVANS)

255, Oxford Street, W.  
(Next to Jay's)

82, Regent Street, W.  
(Opp. Piccadilly Hotel)







# "I Advise - Wearable Presents"

✱ This ultra smart beret and scarf from Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street; they are carried out in a lovely shade of raisin de laine and ocelot



✱ That a visit be paid to Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, in order that the charm of this dyed moleskin pelerine and suède finished cloth cap be appreciated



✱ That this dyed moleskin cape be seen at the earliest opportunity; it is sponsored by that well-known artist in furs, Percy Vickery, 233, Regent Street

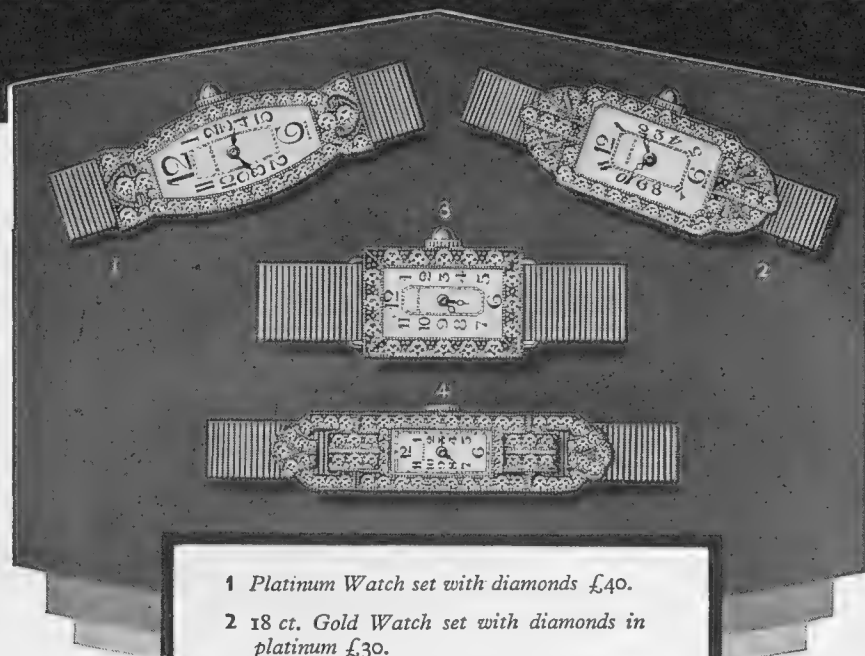


✱ That débutantes be given this altogether charming cape-coatee of snowy white coney from that reliable furrier, Marcus of High Street, Kensington

✱ That the short coatee of beige squirrel from the National Fur Co., Brompton Road, be placed in an exalted position on the Christmas presents lists

Pictures by Blake

# BENSON GEM-SET WATCHES ~ can be bought under this modern payment plan ★



- 1 Platinum Watch set with diamonds £40.
- 2 18 ct. Gold Watch set with diamonds in platinum £30.
- 3 18 ct. White Gold Watch set with diamonds in platinum £20.
- 4 Platinum Watch set with diamonds £42.

THESE WATCHES ARE FITTED ON  
MOIRÉ SILK BANDS.

At Benson's, all the latest designs are to be found in these exquisite wrist watches adorned with fine quality diamonds set in platinum. Every one is subjected to severe tests for accuracy and sold with Benson's written guarantee. And every one represents exceptional value, for Benson wrist watches have lever movements of the finest precision and finish, and will long outlast watches of ordinary quality.

★ Payment for anything selected from Benson's stocks of wrist watches, pocket watches, chains, rings, jewellery, clocks and electric clocks, plate, etc., can be spread over a period to suit customers' convenience. The cash price only is paid, no interest being charged for credit facilities. Inquiries are invited.

Inspect Benson's large stock at their showrooms or write for free illustrated catalogues. Please state requirements, mentioning *The Tatler*.

## JWBenson LTD.

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS SINCE 1749

West End House:

25, OLD BOND STREET,  
LONDON, W.1

City Showrooms:

62-64, LUDGATE HILL,  
LONDON, E.C.4

## TROPICAL CRUISE

by M/V "GRIPSHOLM" 18,000 tons

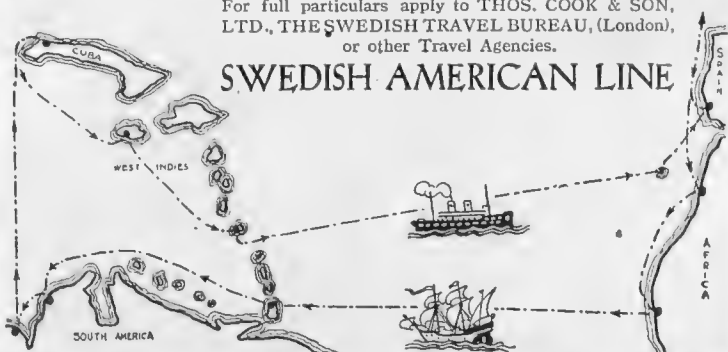
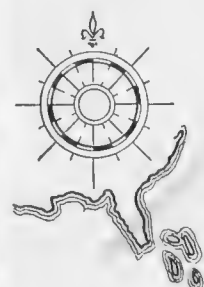
Refreshing . . . different . . . a new atmosphere *all* the way. Swedish cooking . . . famed the world over (or, if you prefer it, the roast-beef of old England). Peace and quiet . . . or the gaiest of frivolity . . . whichever you wish. For your delight . . . places never before combined in one itinerary . . . in latitudes so southerly that you can safely depend on gorgeous Spring and Summer weather.

Casablanca, Dakar, Trinidad, Cartagena, Colon, Havana, Kingstown, Martinique, Funchal, Lisbon.

42 days, for an inclusive rate of 80 gns. Southampton back to Southampton. February—March, 1933.

For full particulars apply to THOS. COOK & SON, LTD., THE SWEDISH TRAVEL BUREAU, (London), or other Travel Agencies.

### SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE



## AVA quickly solves your Gift Problems

Go right down your gift list and see how many people would be delighted with an Ava gift. For though Ava gifts are charming, they're useful too. And *you* will appreciate their modest prices.

Gift Boxes for Men, as illustrated, contain a bottle of Ava Brilliantine and a tube of Ava Shaving Cream, both perfumed with the cool, refreshing Ava Eau de Cologne. 2/6.

Ava Eau de Cologne, 1/2 oz. 1/6 to 4 oz. 9/-, 1/2-pint Wicker Bottle 15/-

Ava Eau de Cologne Shaving Cream 1/-

Ava Eau de Cologne Brilliantine 1/6

Ava Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative 1/-

Gift Boxes for Ladies, as shown, contain 4-oz. bottle of the lastingly fragrant Ava Eau de Cologne and two tablets of Ava Eau de Cologne Soap. Ava Soap is treated with ultra-violet rays to benefit the skin and keep it always young and lovely. 2/10.

AVA PRODUCTS ARE BRITISH AND MADE IN LONDON

SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS





ADVISE

A number of bottles of Vermouth Fontorice, as it is a very high-class French Vermouth and certainly seems to put an additional kick into the appetiser which is so essential in a good cocktail



A bottle or a case of Hennessy's famous XXX or of the XO or the superb liqueur Cognac that is guaranteed to be over forty years old. Most assuredly has the name of Hennessy made the name of Cognac famous all over the world



A special gift case of that fine old Highland whisky "Stand Fast." It is a product of Wm. Grant and Sons, sole proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries. There are gift cases containing one, two, three, or six bottles

# Bachelor Gifts



For a man something that bears the name of "Luvisca." The day shirt, illustrated with two collars, is 10s. 6d., and the pyjamas are 17s. 6d.; they do indeed represent wonderful value



North British golf balls. The S.S. ball is a new and exceptionally long ball especially designed for scratch men. Both these balls are 2s. each and are obtainable in Christmas gift boxes

Pictures by Blake



Crepe  
Silk Handkerchiefs  
12/6 each

Knitted  
Silk Mufflers  
65/- each

Monograms Additional Handsome Silk Robes from £9. Above Model £18 Monograms Additional

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Our Complete Selections afford the widest possible scope for Personal Preference. Mufflers or Handkerchiefs to be embroidered should be selected as soon as conveniently possible.

Illustrated Brochure and Monogram Designs upon request.

**A. Sulka & Company Ltd.**

SHIRTMAKERS AND HOSIERS

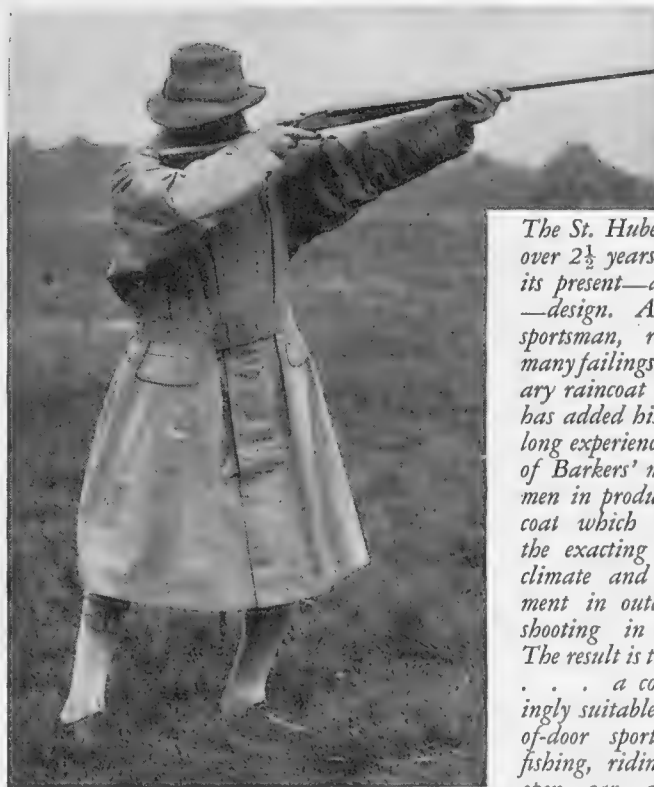
27 OLD BOND ST., LONDON

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## At last! The Ideal SHOOTING & Outdoor COAT for SPORTSMEN



The St. Hubert has taken over 2½ years to evolve to its present—almost perfect—design. A well-known sportsman, realizing the many failings of the ordinary raincoat or "Mac," has added his advice and long experience to the work of Barkers' master craftsmen in producing a raincoat which would fulfil the exacting demands of climate and body movement in outdoor sport—shooting in particular. The result is the St. Hubert . . . a coat outstandingly suitable for all out-of-door sport—shooting, fishing, riding, walking, open car driving, etc.

## The ST. HUBERT

The St. Hubert Raincoat has been tried out and constantly improved under the most rigorous outdoor conditions. In shooting it is no longer necessary, as the birds come over, to rip off one's coat to secure complete freedom of arm and body movement. Down-drag is eliminated entirely. Pockets are of ample dimensions, and a large flap is so designed as to facilitate extremely easy entry of a rain-soaked hand, cartridges are kept dry, whilst any water that may enter when flaps are open is drained through specially designed "channels" into the bottom lining. For body protection whilst sitting on damp banks, or riding, a saddle flap is provided, held in or out of position by substantial press fasteners. Colour: Natural Landscape Weatherproof, light-in-weight, lined proofed check. Belt optional. Obtainable exclusively from the Man's Shop at Barkers—(First Floor).



Note the peculiar double-front flaps—absolutely rain and wind-proof.



The design of the sleeve allows for perfect freedom of movement without arm-drag. Note the generous ventilation provided.

CASH PRICE

**£4.14.6**  
**BARKERS**

John Barker and Compny Ltd Kensington W8

'Phone: WESTern 5432

Give a  
Motoluxe  
this Xmas  
— now  
only 4½ qns



The warm, cosy motor rug depicted above would make a splendidly appropriate Christmas present. Other Motoluxe productions—the Lamapac at £3.13.6—or the Wolanmo, the wool and mohair rug at £2.12.6, would, we suggest, also prove most acceptable. Our Ladies' Motoluxe Travel Coats at 6 guineas are the envy of thousands of women who are still without

them, while our gaily-coloured modern bedcovers are worth more than the 5 guineas we ask. Motoluxe Gloves at 25/-, Pram Rugs at 27/6, and Foot Muffs at 37/6 to match any of the twenty-five fur shades in which we make our rugs, are other possibilities to bear in mind when compiling your Christmas shopping list. Motoluxe productions are obtainable at all leading stores.

WRITE FOR THE MOTOLUXE BOOKLET AND FOR THE NAME OF NEAREST AGENT



Wholesale  
enquiries  
only to—

Every genuine  
Motoluxe bears  
this label.

LEE BROTHERS (Overwear) LTD., QUEEN STREET WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1



## This Month.

On December 17 Captain Seymour Sidney Ayshford Shippard (late Indian Army, retired), and Miss Elizabeth Mary Shuter are being married very quietly at St. Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill; on the same day Dr. James Hilton Bentley marries Miss Marjorie Wimpess at All Saints' Church, Woodford Wells, Essex; Mr. E. Legh Fisher and Miss Mary Mould are being married at the Parish Church, Handsworth, Birmingham, on the 21st; and the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. H. de L. Walters (The Buffs) and Miss Pamela Halford is the 30th, and it is to be at the Parish Church, St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

In 1933.

Mr. Scrope Egerton, The Highland Light Infantry, and Miss Morrison are being married at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on January 16; on January 10 Mr. William Neil Graham Menzies marries Miss Joan Noel Murray at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

## Recently Engaged.

Captain George Rawstone, the Seaforth Highlanders, the second son of the Bishop of Whalley and Mrs. Rawstone, of Croston Rectory, Preston, Lancashire, and Miss Joyce Priestley, the eldest daughter of Major and



Hay Wrightson  
MISS AVILDE BRIDGES

The only daughter of General Sir Tom and Lady Bridges, whose marriage to the Hon. Anthony Chaplin, the elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin, takes place on January 9 at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square



Hay Wrightson  
LADY MARY CARNEGIE

Whose engagement was recently announced to Lieut.-Commander Edward Michael Conolly Abel Smith, Royal Navy, the second son of Mr. Eustace Abel Smith of Longhills, Lincoln. Lady Mary Carnegie is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Southesk of Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, Forfar

WEDDINGS  
AND  
ENGAGEMENTS

Bertram Park  
MISS EILEEN EVANS

Who is to marry Mr. Everard Craddock Royds, the elder son of the Rev. C. C. T. Royds and the late Mrs. Royds of Heysham Rectory, Lancs, is the elder daughter of Sir Walter Evans, Bt., and Lady Evans of Wightwick Hall, Staffordshire

Mrs. W. Priestley of Rovie Lodge, Rogart, Sutherland; Mr. Charles Clement Calburn, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Calburn of Effingham Manor, Surrey, and Miss Clemencie Echeverria, the second daughter of Señor Don Vicente and Señora Echeverria of 2, York Gate, Regent's Park; Lieutenant Lawrence St. George Rich, R.N., the only son of the late Major C. B. Rich, Royal Field Artillery, and Mrs. Rich of 1, Sloane House, S.W., and Miss Nancy Pilkington, the only child of the late Lieutenant George Pilkington, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Richard Marack; Mr. Donald Webster of Bede College, Durham, and Miss Mary Maxwell of South Collingham, Notts; Mr. Ronald H. Gretton, the only son of Canon J. R. and Mrs. Gretton of Vancouver, B.C., and Miss M. Eileen Barton of Shortlands, Kent; Mr. Arthur Copé Pilkington, Coldstream Guards, the second son of the late Mr. Arthur Richard Pilkington of Windle Hall, St. Helens, Lancs, and Mrs. Francis Bonnyman of L'Aiglin, Eze-sur-Mer, France, and Miss Dolores Athalia Reed-Cook, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Reed-Cook of Buenos Aires, South America; Mr. Alan Luther Russell, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Russell of The Coppice, Littleover, Derby, and Miss Patricia Mary MacDonald, the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. A. MacDonald of Rosary Gate, Deal.

# DRINK / KIA-ORA *hot*

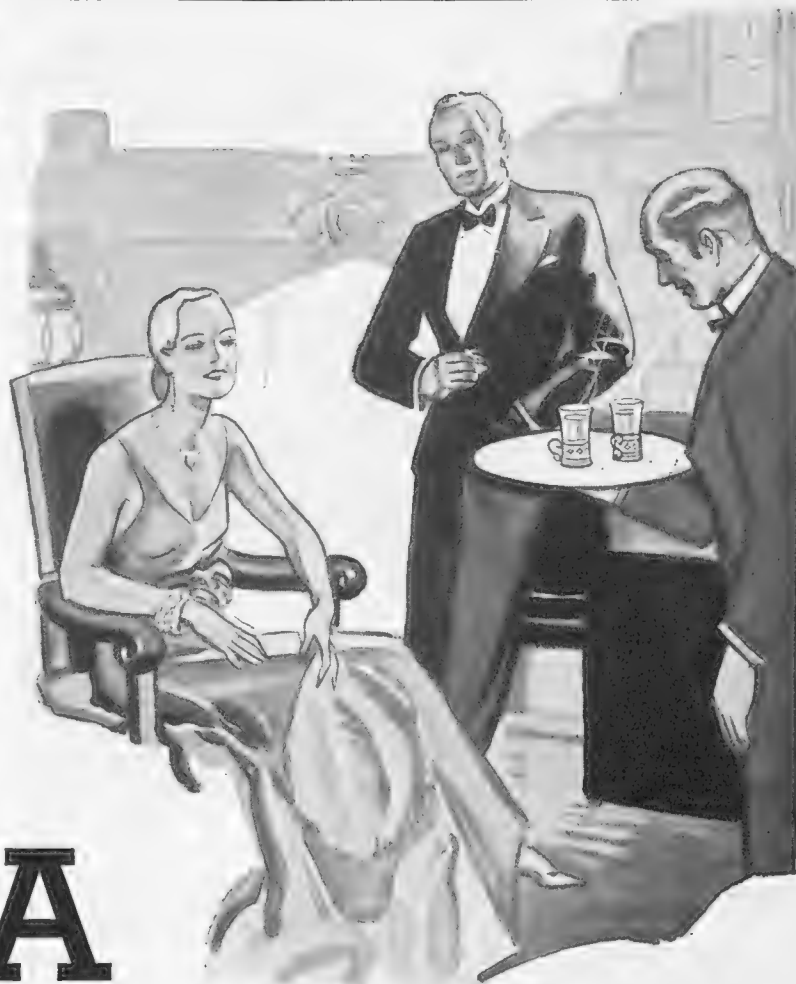
make it a habit and keep  
free from colds.

As long as you can remember, hot lemon—with or without a dash of whisky or rum—has been the popular treatment for a cold. But did you know that Kia-Ora *hot* is one of the surest ways of keeping free from colds? For the sun-ripened lemons in Kia-Ora—the finest the world produces—enable your system to hold at bay the chills of winter days. Drink it with your meals and make a habit of having a glass of hot Kia-Ora at night—it's such an enjoyable precaution. Always insist on genuine Kia-Ora—if a dealer offers you any other he is *not* doing so in your interests.

# KIA-ORA

LEMON, ORANGE AND GRAPE-FRUIT

2/- per large bottle. 1/1 per full half.



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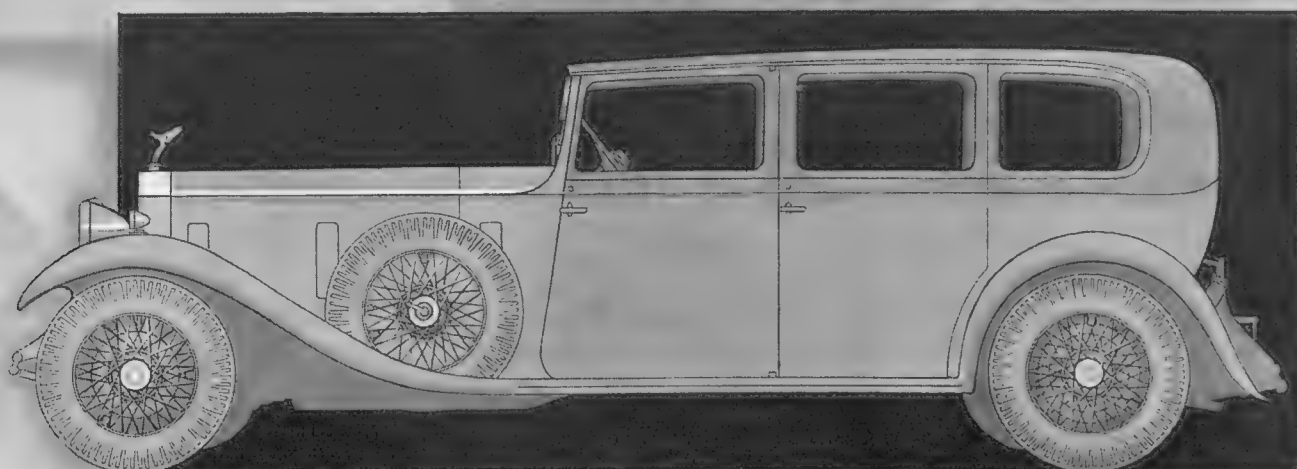


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## YOUR CHRISTMAS CHARITIES

### The British Sailors' Society

The merchant seaman has many strange experiences. If he meets trouble—and we all meet it on occasion—it is because he is out of his element when ashore as the landsman is when afloat. Our sailors need somewhere to go, especially when in a foreign port, for temptations are many and pitfalls line the route. During the past 114 years The British Sailors' Society has done signal work for the welfare of sea-going men. Its hostels, situated near the quayside of over 100 world ports, welcome the men with outstretched arms and brotherly love as they cross the gang plank. Good food is provided and free beds are available for those unable to meet expenses. Donations will be gratefully received by Sir Ernest W. Glover, Bart., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

### The N.S.P.C.C.

Though sometimes it is believed that cruelty to children is a thing of the past, the effort of the N.S.P.C.C. is "to ensure an endurable life to every child in the land," and during its forty-eight years much has been accomplished. The lives of over four million children have been made brighter and happier. It helps on an average four little children every five minutes of every working day. Often this cruelty is wilful, but there is also much misery caused to defenceless children by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst ignorance, poverty, and drink are other contributory causes. Whatever the cause, the N.S.P.C.C. has well-tried methods for combating it, only proceeding to invoke the law when all other means fail. Further details regarding the Society's work will be supplied gladly by William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.).

### The Cancer Hospital

Medical science is working heroically and desperately, consecrating some of its finest qualities of brain and resolution to the cause—to discover a way of preventing and curing cancer. Meanwhile that sad shadow darkens many lives, overhangs many homes. There is no more obviously Christian work than to share in the efforts that are being made to heal and comfort these poor sufferers. There is no reason why the Christmas festival should be made gloomy by dwelling on pain and suffering. The Cancer Hospital is a cheering thing. It has extensive (and expensive) plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest, and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made for the extension and improvement of the hospital.

### The Church Army

Christmas hampers that find their way into the very poorest homes are amongst the many "good works" organized by the Church Army. With its hand ever on the pulse of humanity, the Church Army sees at close range the consequences of suffering and want—and its practical efforts to alleviate such a state of affairs are deserving of earnest help and sympathy. This Christmas plans are almost completed for wholesome dinners, numerous parties, and special treats for children and grown-ups alike, and it only remains for the

Church Army hampers to be filled. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., seeks generous support, and gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by him at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

### National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen

To be filling more vacancies in October and November, 1932, than were filled twelve months ago, is not only a great achievement for any organization but a direct indication that we have touched the bottom of the trade depression. This is the experience of the National Association which found 19,159 employment during its last completed twelve months. This gratifying result is attributable to the fact that the Association registers only those who maintain good and steady conduct throughout their service career, and continue to maintain it when employed in civil life. Employers notifying a vacancy can obtain a selection of any number of suitable men from whom they may choose the one or more they prefer; these men will be accompanied by records of their service and civil characters. Mechanization of modern defence training enables the Association to recommend skilled tradesmen of every degree—artificers, electricians, mechanics, and men whose reliability is unimpeachable. It has a wide-spread organization throughout the provinces, with branches in all the principal cities, whose agents cover the surrounding districts, lists of whose addresses can be obtained on application to the head office, 62, Victoria Street.

### The Waifs and Strays Society

He took them into His arms. Two thousand years ago the greatest Figure the world has ever seen held out His arms to little children. Two thousand years ago He laid upon us the privilege of carrying on the work He came into this world to do. The Christmas star is already shining on the horizon, heralding the approach of the children's festival. It will soon be overhead, and we must see to it that its glory is not dimmed. During the past half-century the Waifs and Strays Society has rescued, cared for, trained, and given a chance in life to over 36,000 homeless and friendless little ones; 4,700 children under the Society's care at present are counting the days to Christmas. Many of them are crippled and suffering, but to each and every one the Society holds out the hope of a healthy, happy future, and though we know that money is desperately short, there are 4,700 little stockings waiting to be filled. We know that you will not leave them empty. The headquarters of the Society are at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

### The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

The Admiralty have now reported that the *Arethusa* Training Ship is worn out and unfit for further service. It is for this reason that a new ship has been obtained, and the necessary cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc., will be £40,000. Will readers of THE TATLER please help by sending a donation to the headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



**THESE FIRST**  
*Please!*

MOTHERLESS

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WILL FEED FIVE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

**WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY**

THE SECRETARY (E3), KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E. 11.

## THIS CHRISTMAS



A corner of one of the Laboratories.

**Please Help TO CONQUER CANCER**

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE) is applying itself to the methodical and scientific investigation of the causes of Cancer, and the results of its invaluable research work are placed at the disposal of the medical practitioners of the world.

Whilst carrying on this work of study and research, The Cancer Hospital is contributing to the alleviation of suffering. Poor patients are admitted free, and a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

**PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE SECRETARY.**

**The Cancer Hospital**  
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# Broken Toys

*A doll is broken,  
and happiness gives  
place to tears . . . .  
so sensitive is the  
child mind.*

AN INCIDENT which you dismiss with a smile is a tragedy through infant eyes. Who, then, can imagine the intense misery and suffering of a child exposed to wrongs which move even adults to horror and revulsion?

## The N.S.P.C.C

is doing all in its power to protect little children from cruelty and neglect at the hands of vicious or ignorant parents and guardians. The extent of its help depends upon public support.

Will you kindly include The N.S.P.C.C in your Christmas Gifts list?

Gifts will be welcomed by Hon. Treas., Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.

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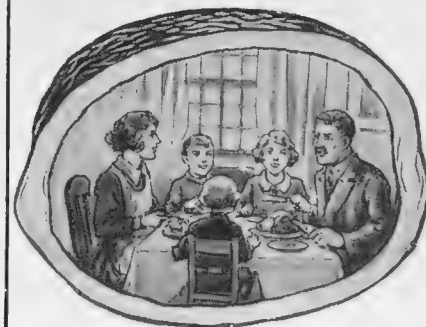
466 Beds for free, contributory, and private patients. Last year 6,162 in-patients and 339,579 out-patients were treated. A Gift to help the necessitous sick in the Hospital's huge area will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.

St. David's Wing, for private patients, is now open. This new wing is the most up-to-date of its kind in London. Private Rooms are also provided for Maternity cases.



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Gilbert G. Panter,  
Secretary.



## IN A NUTSHELL

—The C.A. Christmas problem

"Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." This is especially true at Christmastide, and the C. A. is concentrating on giving its immense family of deserving poor a happy Christmas in their own homes.

PARCELS OF GOOD FARE will be given to those in genuine need. Bought in large quantities, each parcel costs 10/-, but the retail value is nearly 14/-.

There is nothing so warming as the knowledge that one is helping to spread happiness.

£5 makes TEN families happy. 10/- gives happiness to one family.

Will you do something to help our many poor this Christmas?

Please send now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.

## THE CHURCH ARMY

## THIS GREAT WORK MUST BE CARRIED ON A MOST EARNEST APPEAL FOR A GREAT CAUSE

### THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP HAS ARRIVED IN THE THAMES

The NEW "ARETHUSA" was necessitated by the OLD "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP being condemned by the Admiralty as being worn out and unfit for further service. The old ship has a magnificent record, as 10,000 boys have been trained and sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

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For cost of Purchase, Alterations, Equipment, New Shore Frontage, etc.

PLEASE HELP THIS GREAT NATIONAL WORK OF TRAINING POOR BOYS FOR THE TWO SEA SERVICES, BY SENDING A DONATION TO-DAY

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President, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.



### The Sailor's Christmas

**CUT OFF**

from the  
FAMILY  
CIRCLE

but not  
forgotten



Many seamen who cannot be by their own firesides will be WELL ENTERTAINED at British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels in over 100 world ports. Seamen's WIDOWS and ORPHANS, LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS and LIGHTSHIPS' CREWS will share.

This year unemployment makes our task heavier, so please send a Christmas Gift TO-DAY to Sir ERNEST W. GLOVER, Bt., Hon. Treasurer, 680, Commercial Road, London, E. 14.

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## PRINTERS' PENSION, ALMSHOUSE AND ORPHAN ASYLUM CORPORATION

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Mr. J. MORTIMER, O.B.E.,  
Secretary,  
73-78, High Holborn, W.C. 1



## With Silent Friends

(Continued from p. 402)

### The Youth of D. H. Lawrence.

Except for the fact that every phase of a famous man's life is interesting and valuable, there is not very much other substance in "The Early Life of D. H. Lawrence" (Secker. 7s. 6d.), by his sister, Ada Lawrence, and Stuart Gelder. The book is too brief successfully to build up a whole picture of the miner's cottage where Lawrence was born and in which he grew up, until teaching and eventually writing carried him far away from his earlier surroundings, or to give anything more than the merest glimpse of a mining district and its probable influence on a youthful mind so actively alive as Lawrence's. Nevertheless we learn that Lawrence's mother married beneath her, that she was superior to her husband in upbringing and in her mental outlook. Indeed, it is rather amusing secretly to wonder what Mr. Lawrence *père* thought of the young intellectuals to whom he returned after his day's work in the mines, and to understand a little just why the local public-house had additional attractions for him. For the Lawrences were undoubtedly a remarkable family considering their early chances of self-improvement, and around Mrs. Lawrence and her gifted children a whole small circle of intellectuals gathered. Some of the most interesting pages in an interesting little book are the numerous letters which Lawrence wrote to his sister. They are not always letters of vital psychological import; brothers, as a rule, don't write those kinds of letters to sisters, and rarely to any close relation, but they are interesting because they reveal the purely domestic, affectionate side of Lawrence's life. One passage, however, written in a letter dated April 26, 1911, reflects the inner turmoil which was already moulding his heart and soul. "There is nothing to do with life," he wrote, "but to let it run, and it's a very bitter thing, but



Douglas

### MISS JOAN BIRDWOOD TAYLOR

Joan Birdwood Taylor, who is one of the star pupils of Miss Vacani, appeared at the Hippodrome in the recent Ivory Cross Matinee in November, and has also just won first prize for dancing at a competition held at a Christmas Fair at the Albert Hall on November 29 in aid of The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals

it's also wonderful. You never know what'll happen next. Life is full of wonder and surprise, and mostly pain. But never mind, the tragic is the most holding, the most vital thing in life, and as I say, 'the lesson is to learn to live alone. . . .' Incidentally, the book is well illustrated from photographs not only of the district of Nottinghamshire where Lawrence was born and where his early life was spent, but of scenes which actually formed the back-ground to many of his novels. And this brings me to another problem. Most of these scenes represent places which very many people will consider drab and uninteresting; and perhaps they are. But because I know the places photographed so well, they being quite near to my own youthful home, they fascinated me as much as if they had been the loveliest views imaginable. It is very curious, this irresistible call of the familiar, becoming more and more insistent as one grows older. Maybe, the deepest affections never travel. It is nice to think so.

\* \* \*

### An Excellent Novel.

Few novelists can be depended upon to give us a good story every time they publish one with more certainty than Miss Muriel Hine. "Jenny Rorke" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is as good as anything she has yet written. It is a sequel to "Wild Rye," but if you have been unwise enough to miss reading that novel it will not spoil your enjoyment of this later account of the life of charming Jenny Rorke. The background is Italy and chiefly an Italian farm. It is a love-story, but not one in the accepted and often tedious term. Rather is it the story of how a girl grew out of the pains of love to find, after a struggle, happiness and peace in work and beauty and friendship. Doubtless in a further story—for Jenny can't possibly be left where she is—love will again enter her life. In the meanwhile, however, here is a delightful story of delightful people with a delightful background. An interesting and charming novel.

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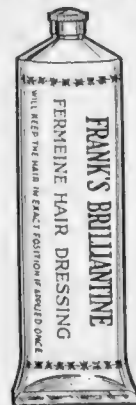
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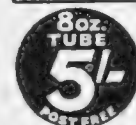
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POOLS



## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—cont. from p. 398

Strensall, on Saturday (26th), was the scene of various battle casualties, including our Middleton visitor severely scratched, one Hussar's busby totally demolished, and our poor young Fusilier rolled on by the horse lent him by a generous friend. Scent was bad at first but improved later, and the day ended with a capital hunt from Oak Wood to New Park.

Lord Mountgarret gave the North followers two really good hunts from Ouseburn on Monday, whilst Tuesday at the Ginger Beer House was a typical Ainsty day, with enough galloping and jumping to satisfy most people. The South pack have now had thirteen days since their opening meet, and it's not too much to say that only one can really be written down as bad.

## From Lincolnshire

Drying winds have made an enormous difference to hunting and sport is now going very well. There were some exciting moments with the Blankney from Sleaford on Wednesday when a Roxholm fox suffered a terrible nightmare. Being hard pressed, he fled into the streets of Ruskington and sought sanctuary in the churchyard. His only chance of escape was by scaling an 8-ft. wall and dropping into the village beck. Hemmed in on every side, he missed, by inches, the attentions of a cur, and then, bolting down a passage, reached open country and was, indeed, lucky to chance upon an open earth at Timberland after a harassing eighty minutes.

The death of Harry Land, who carried the Blankney horn for thirteen seasons, is sincerely regretted by all who knew him. After being pony boy to Queen Victoria he made a name in the hunting world and, before going to the Blankney, had experience with the Morpeth, Rufford, West Norfolk, Fernie, and Grafton packs. A fine tribute was paid to his memory when the funeral took place on Saturday. Lord Barnby (the Master), Lord Londesborough (deputy Master), and all the leading followers of the hunt attended in hunting kit and his former colleagues bore his remains to the grave. "Harry," who was forty-nine, gave up hunting eighteen months ago to try his luck at farming. R.I.P.!

## From the Fernie

A glorious day of cloudless blue brought out a record field at Shearsby. Horse transport and cars from all ends of the shires unloaded hunters and riders of varied distinction. The Italian Baron with the national seat recalled the Romana Campagna. America held her quota and with the additional top sawyers from Melton way there was a very gay company. Freshness was in the air and it infected many steeds in

proximity to the duck pond, Lady Kathleen Rollo perilously near. With bucking horses we arrived at John Ball and from there the held up squadrons were soon let loose as fox and hounds went away. Fences came quickly and one unlucky member came to grief with fatal results to his horse, a situation which calls for everyone's sympathy. A riderless steed soon after was followed by one of our best lady equestriennes afoot, but she was not hurt. A good hunt ended in Gumley village, where second horses and flasks were in much request. Thursday was a red-letter day, hounds hunting on until dusk. Another big muster at Great Glenn included many distinguished fox-chasers and N.H. amateurs. A Thurnby fox gave us the run of the day, covering the best of our country and a considerable portion of Quorn, and we were kept continuously on the move for over two hours. There were fences for everyone. The man who jumped the gate was O.K.! The little lady in brown came a proper cracker, but youth defeated any serious results and she was able to continue. A gruelling time in the present deep going for horses, and only those who had second and third strings were able to see the finish of this splendid day.

## From the Warwickshire

Monday's meet at Shenington always held out good prospects. A fine day and lashings of Tim Weatherby's port created the right atmosphere, and when operations started a fox was hollaed away just as soon as ever hounds moved across the first rough field.

This developed into one of Mr. Jorrocks' hunts, slow at first but fast later, and "werry awkward for the fox," for after making two identical circles and a miraculous escape from a field of kale he crossed the Stour and, with the bitches right on his back, pointed as if for the North Cotswold country, then swung back to Clifford, only to be rolled over on Atherstone Hill after a two hours' chevvv.

K.D.G. Bobby of Kineton and John of Piper's Hill were as usual shifting and demolishing the obstacles. Taking it all round, the above-mentioned three guardsmen (of whom we all wot), a conquering hero, and a sea lion can *always* be depended upon to make holes in the fences if required. They are keen as mustard and bold as brass.

Victor Arkell had no fewer than five brace of foxes in Golden Cross. Pity there was no rousing scent to do them justice. On Thursday from Depper's Bridge hounds ran practically all day via Nuns' Bushes, Welsh Road Gorse, and the lovely galloping country towards Shuckburgh. An abnormal number of fences were jumped and a fair amount of grief; broken ribs, alas! for the good sportswoman from Wellesbourne, and bad luck at that when she was just back in her old indomitable form. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

A PERMANENT  
YOUTHFUL  
APPEARANCE ASSURED

## AGE NO BARRIER

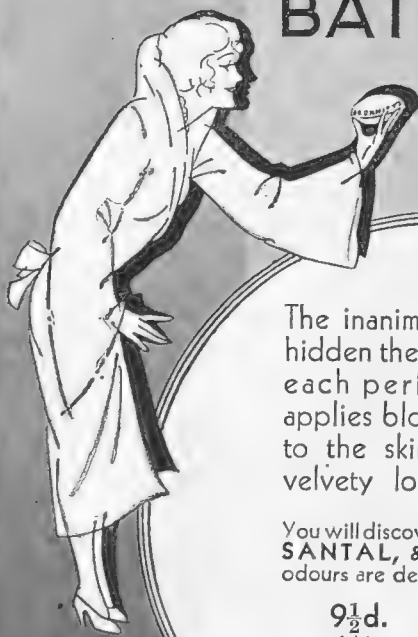
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The inanimate tablet holds hidden the secret of beauty; each perfumed bubble applies bloom and delicacy to the skin. Soft, white, velvety loveliness ensues.

You will discover that the VERBENA SANTAL, & ENGLISH FERN odours are delicious and refreshing.

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BRONNLEY LONDON W.3

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Removed by Electrolysis at Home

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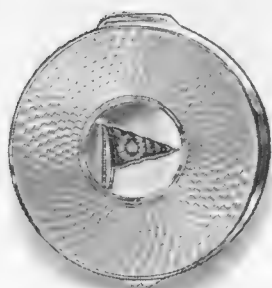
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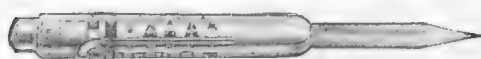
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**GIEVES, 21, OLD BOND ST.**  
LONDON, W.1



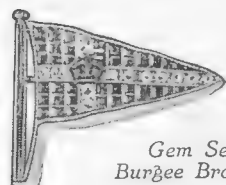
Silver Vanity Case with  
enamelled Burgee



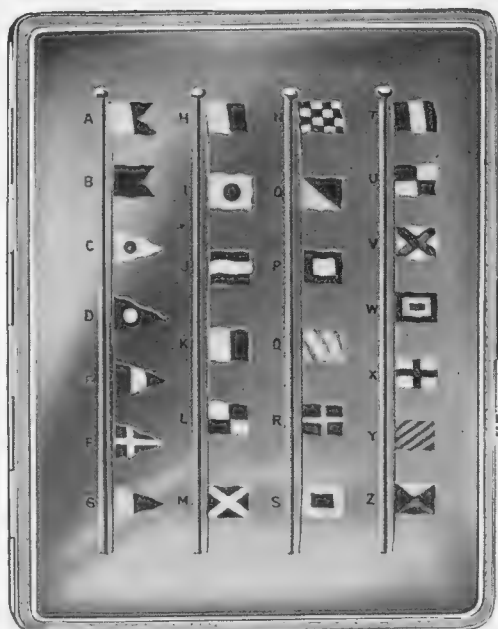
15-ct. and Enamel  
Burgée Scarf Pin



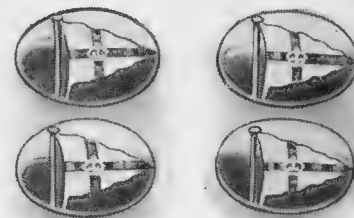
Silver Pencil enamelled with  
International Code



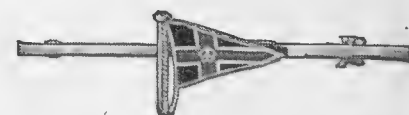
Gem Set  
Burgée Brooch



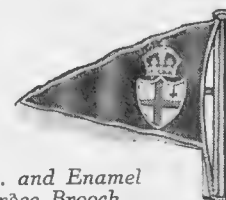
Solid Silver Cigarette Case with enamelled  
International Code



15-ct. Gold enamelled  
Burgée Links



15-ct. and enamelled  
Burgée Bar Brooch



15-ct. and Enamel  
Burgée Brooch



15-ct. and enamelled International Flags Bracelet

## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

### Gifts of Infinite Variety and Charm.

A veritable Mecca to the much perplexed gift seeker is the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's salons, 112, Regent Street, W., as a section on the ground floor is devoted to things suitable for Christmas and New Year presents. There is a collection of trifles for half a guinea; there are others whose value runs into three figures. For a guinea there is a variety of bags that are sure to please. Furthermore there are crystal ash bowls with enamel trump cards for 25s. Then a gift that every woman will welcome is an enamel vanity case; it has three compartments, one for lipstick, one for store of powder, and the third for the powder needed at the moment; it sifts from one to the other. There are cocktail, spirit, and smokers' elevettes, as well as cocktail cases in the form of writing tables. The catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

### The Vogue for White Hair.

It seems as though it was only yesterday that the Titian red tinting of white hair was at its zenith; now this vogue has been eclipsed and a shadow is passing over platinum blonde tresses. And it is the day for grey and white hair, many women having their tresses bleached. When kept in good condition it really is perfectly charming on account of the softness it gives to the features. Those whose hair is in what may be described as a "tawny" shade, or not so luxuriant as they could desire, should wear a La Naturelle transformation. A veritable triumph is reproduced on this page. In these salons there is a large collection of natural grey and white heads of wavy hair, and every texture and every tone may be matched, for it must be mentioned that there are many different shades even in white hair. Women will be delighted to learn that M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, is responsible for

a special setting lotion for white or grey hair, which is most effective in bringing up the colour; it is 5s. 6d. per bottle.

### A New Corsetry Creation.

Women must make a point of asking their outfitters to show them the new J. B. Masterfront Krect Dual Stretch foundation garment. It stretches both ways, only weighs 11 oz., and fits closely and snugly; it is washable, and it is guaranteed that it may be ironed without harm to its wonderful resilience. It is created in a special weave batiste that is as beautiful as it is practical and new. It is modelled in two styles—one an attractive side-fastening girdle, in sizes 23 to 32 in., when the cost is 32s. 6d., and the other a perfectly shaped combinare fastening at the sides in sizes 30 to 40, price 2 guineas. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to J. S. Blair and Son, Knowsley Street, Cheetam, Manchester, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent.

### A Royal Visit.

H.R.H. Prince George recently visited the Zambrene Factory, City Road. Mr. F. Stacey Hooker, the chairman of the company; Mr. Basell, director; Mr. Heard, general manager; and Mr. Thomerson, factory manager, had the honour of being presented, and His Royal Highness made a tour of inspection throughout the entire factory. His Royal Highness was very interested in the materials and in the processes, and seemed particularly pleased at the large number of old employees who have had continuous employment with Messrs. Zambrene, Ltd. Over twenty of the employees on duty had more than twenty years' service to their credit. Miss Lewis, head of the Zaramac department, was presented, and congratulated on her length of service, forty-seven years.



A LA NATURELLE TRANSFORMATION

That has been created by M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, to show that white hair is becoming

For Gifts that a Man would choose—

# Harrods 'MAN'S SHOP'

SO inspirational are the displays in the 'Man's Shop' this Christmas that a single visit will suffice to settle for you, smoothly and satisfactorily, the question of Gifts for Men.

*Illustrated on Right:—*

**SILK & WOOL DRESSING GOWN.** Magnificent choice of colours and designs exclusive to Harrods. Satin collar and cuffs in shades 75/- to tone.

**SILK PYJAMAS.** Excellent quality English Taffeta Silk. In Blue, Pink, Mauve, Brown, Wine, Green — plain colours or stripe designs. 45/-

**SPORTS SHIRTS.** Fine quality Ceylon Flannel, guaranteed unshrinkable. Pleat behind each shoulder; collar attached. Neat designs to tone with sports suits. Blue, Brown, Wine, Grey. 14/6  
*Ties to match, 2/6 each.*



*Illustrated above:—*

**TIES & BRACES TO MATCH.** A highly original Gift! The Braces, hand-made from pure Silk with White Kid fittings. 17/6

The Ties, cut on the bias from one piece of rich Silk, unlined, uncreasable. 6/6

**'CLUB' CUFF LINKS.** Real Enamel on Sterling Silver, available in the club colours of practically every School and Regiment. Complete in case 8/6

**TAN CAPE GLOVES.** Smart Tan Cape Gloves of best Worcester manufacture. Lined throughout Lamb's Wool or Blue Fur. Pull-on style, with elastic wrist or one-dome fastening. Sizes 7½ to 9½. Pair 21/-

Harrods  
Christmas Book  
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**UMBRELLAS.** Twill Silk Cover, Fox Frame. Handle covered Light or Dark Pigskin. Perhaps the most useful gift of all! 30/-



**GRECIAN SLIPPERS.** Uppers of Finest Leather. Lined with soft leather. Effective two-colour stripe designs in Brown/Red, Blue/Red. A handsome Gift at a moderate price. Sizes 5 to 12 12/9  
With soft leather soles, 10/9



*Illustrated on Left:—*

**SPORTS WAISTCOATS.** Fine Suede Leather, lined Artificial Silk. Finished Wool round waist; zipp-fastener at front. Light Fawn and Brown. For Motoring or Golfing. 36/-

**CASHMERE PULLOVERS.** Pure Scotch Cashmere, light, warm, wonderfully comfortable. Brown, Grey, Natural, Blue, Navy, Fawn, Hunting Yellow, Lovat Mixture. Sizes 36 to 44 in. 39/6

*Golf Hose to match, 18/6*

*Scarf to match, 18/6*





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LONDON

1. Travelling  
Case in Pigskin,  
Nickel Tops, **2½ Gns.**

2. Tortoiseshell Powder Bowl  
from **50/- to 5 Gns.**

3. Molinelle English Rose  
Perfume, in attractive cut  
glass bottles, **25/-**  
also in  
lilac perfume, **37/6**

4. Flap Jack Powder Case,  
the latest product from Vienna.  
Enamel cases in  
various colours. 4 in. **20/-**

5. Magnifying Make up Mirrors,  
in red, shell, blue,  
green & white **2/11 & 3/6**



# FALL & GROVE

STREET  
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6. Compressed Bath Salts—  
Tablets, perfumed in Jasmin,  
Carnation, Verbena, Cologne &  
Rose, Box of 6 dozen. **7/6**  
Carriage 9d. extra.

8. Atkinson's Gold Medal  
Eau-de-Cologne, now offered at  
economy prices. Unchanged  
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Six perfumes. Jar contains **5/-**  
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In  
attractive  
decanter  
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Carriage  
1/- extra.

10. Blue enamel  
Brush Set, in case **9 Gns.**  
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11. Travelling Beauty Box in  
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12. Travelling Make-up Box, fitted  
with wide necked bottles with  
sprinklers, glass jars with screw  
caps. Made of enamelled metal,  
white lined. Colours, pink, blue,  
mauve, green, canary  
and black. **21/-**

14. Travelling Powder Box made  
of enamelled metal, lined white.  
In attractive pastel  
shades. **5/6**





PRETTY GEORGETTE FROCK in malmal pink, finely hand-tucked, lined silk. Sizes 16 to 28 ins. Price 69/6 to 99/6 for 28 ins.

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DAINTY PARTY FROCK in silk net, tiny tucks stitched with silver thread and wide taffeta sash. Lined taffeta. In shell pink or apple green. For ages 4 to 12 years. 4 years, size 22 ins. Price 59/6

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Distinctive Cape in white Crushed Velvet, lined Satin. Tastefully cut with scalloped edge and broad tie. This model can be worn open with stole ends. White only. A typical example of the many delightful styles to be seen in Dickins & Jones' Blouse Salon.

29/6



Blouse Salon, First Floor.

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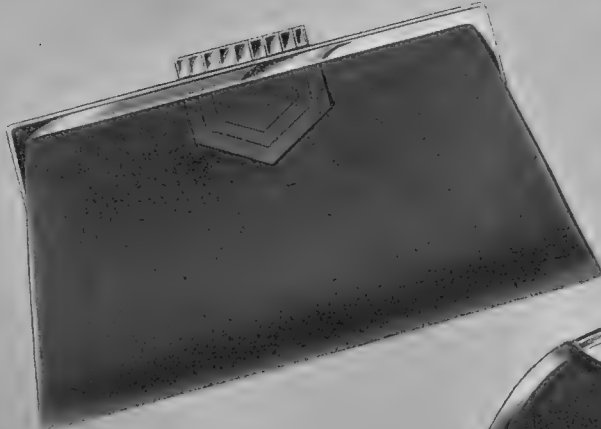


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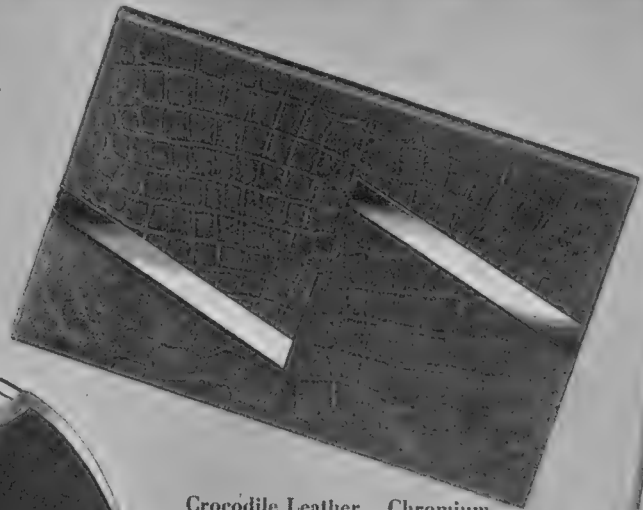
200/60 17/6 with clip 20/-

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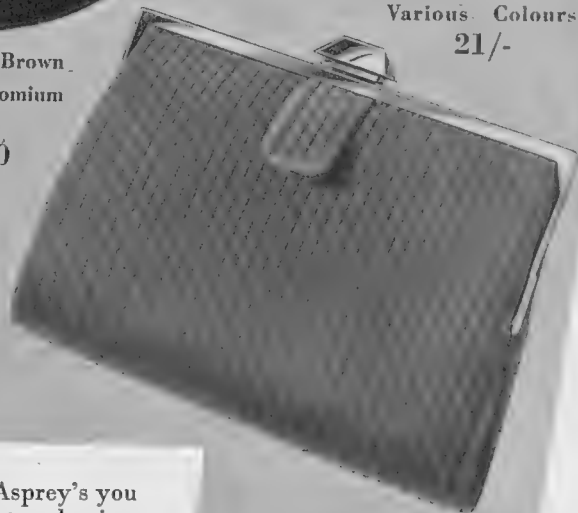


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*The Age of Chivalry*  
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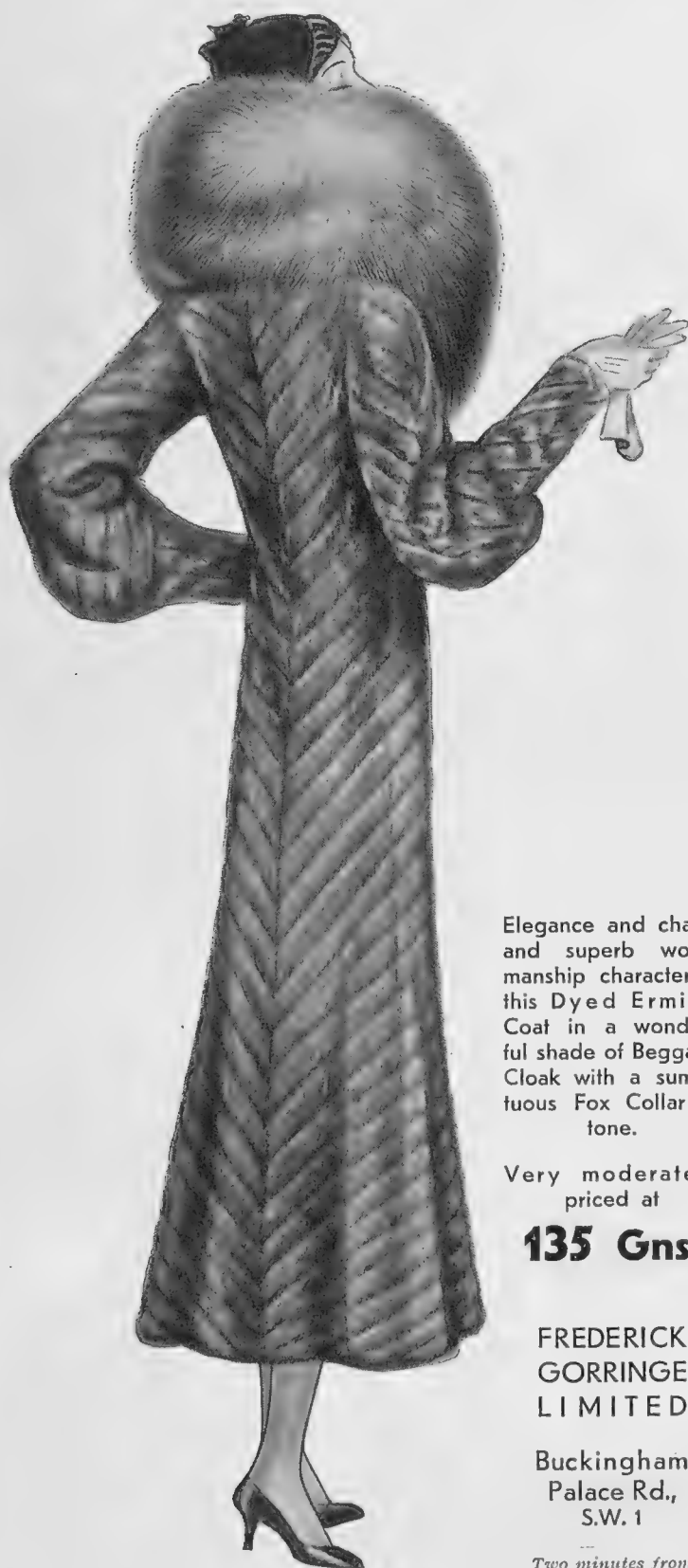
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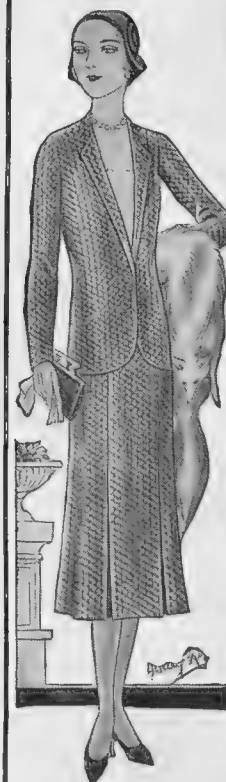
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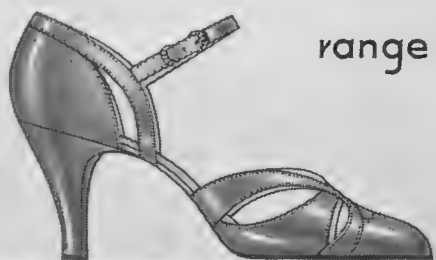
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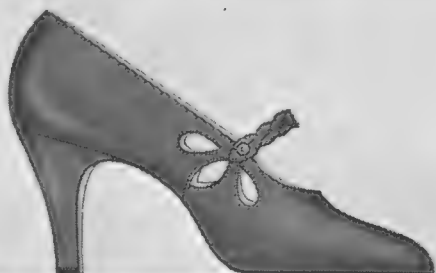


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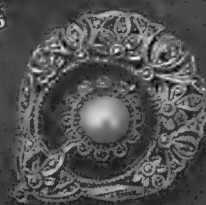
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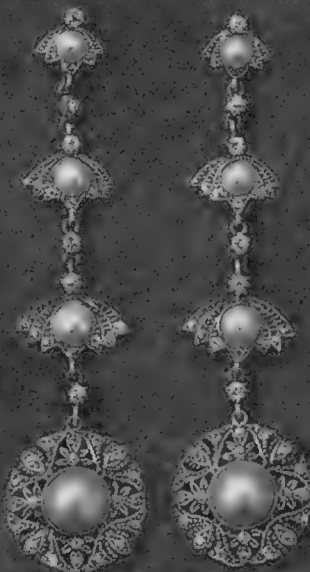


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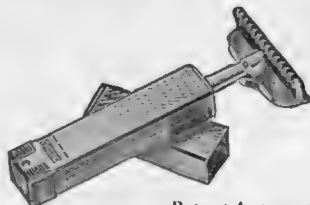
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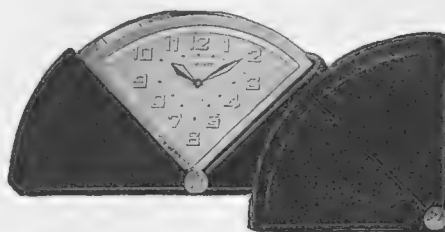
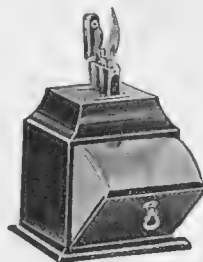
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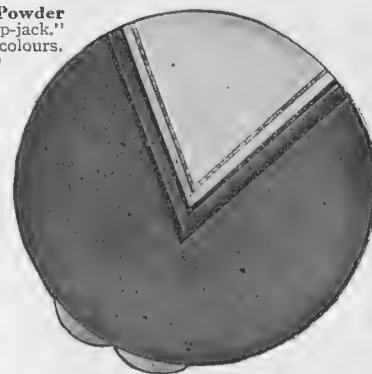
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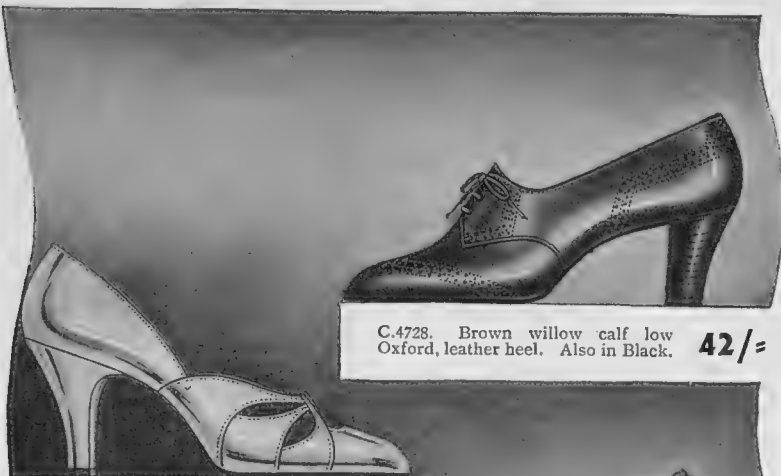


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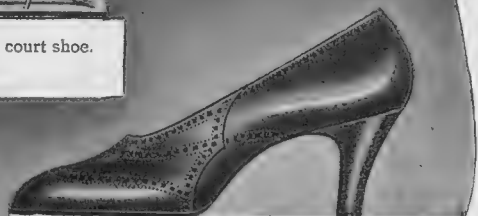
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C.4728. Brown willow calf low Oxford, leather heel. Also in Black. **42/=**

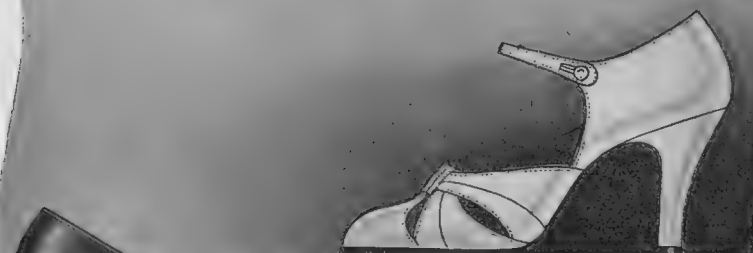


**25/=** J.5808. Silver kid fancy court shoe. Also in gold kid.

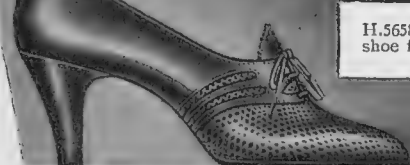


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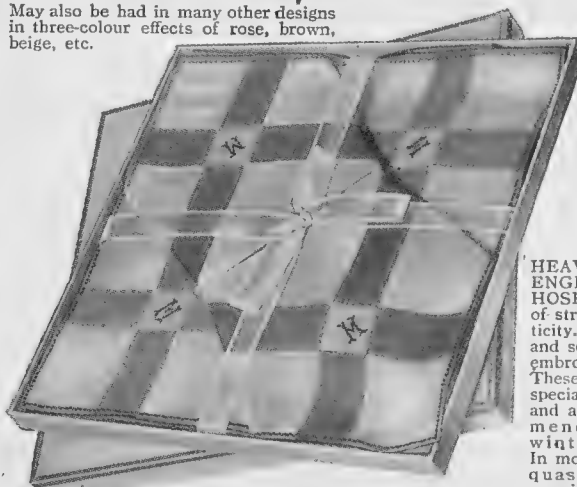
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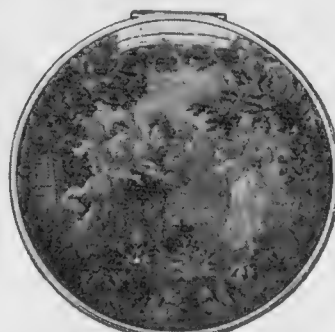
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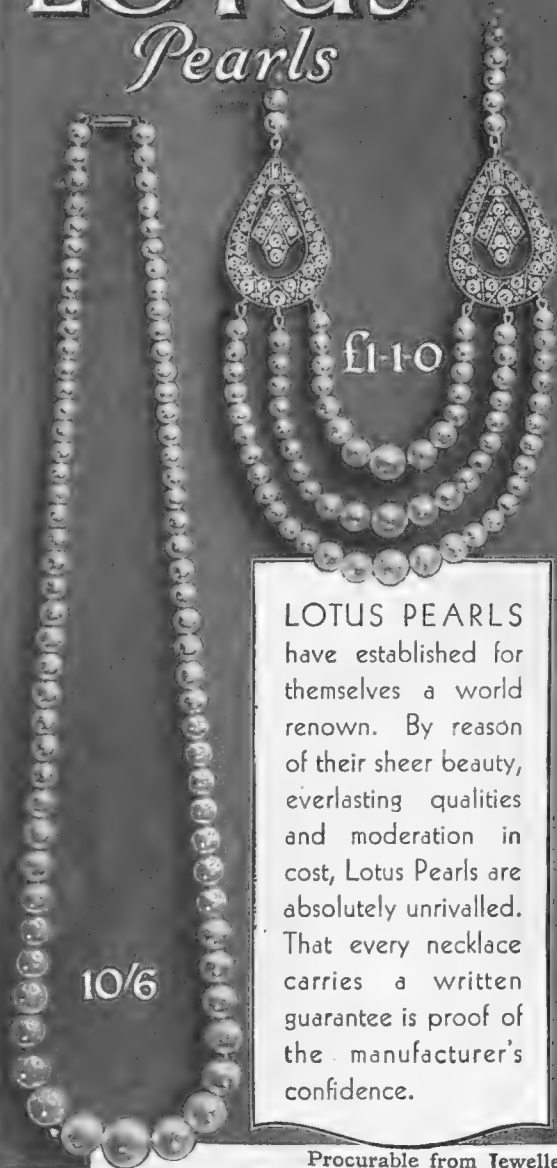
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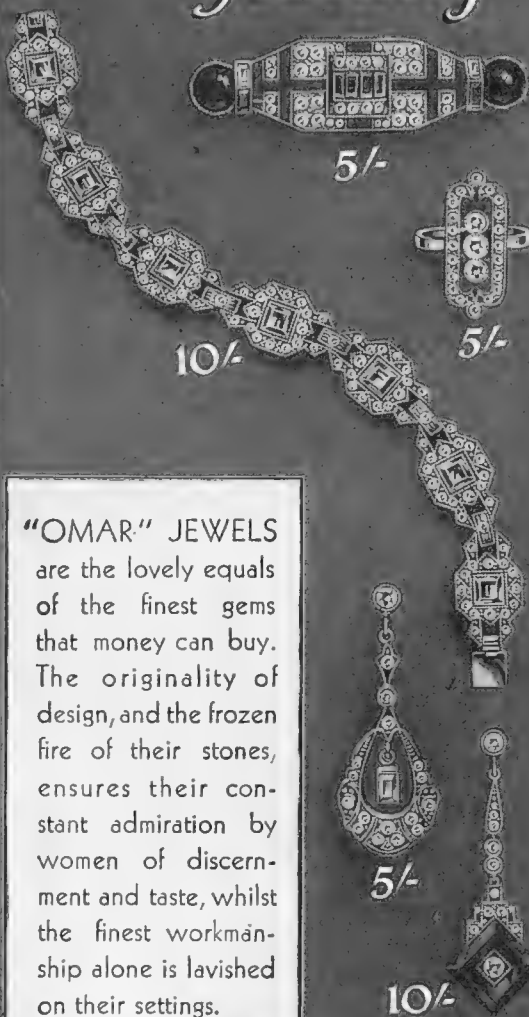
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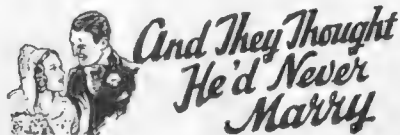
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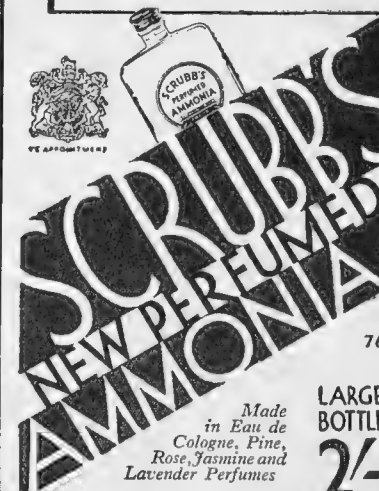
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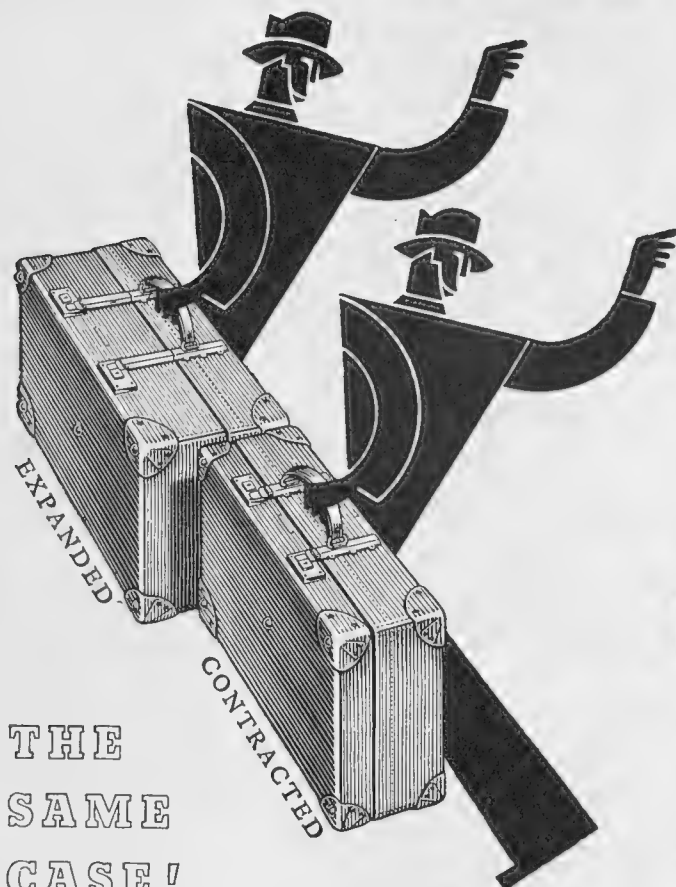
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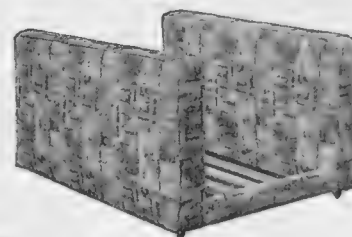
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340743



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(as above)  
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Small	Medium	Large
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Length 4 ft. 4 in.	4 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
£10.10.0	£12.0.0	£13.10.0

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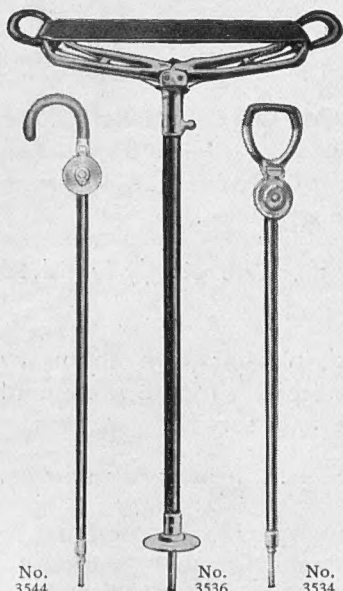
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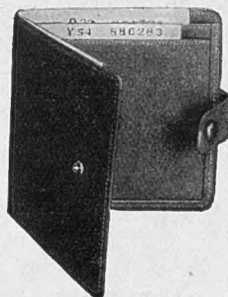
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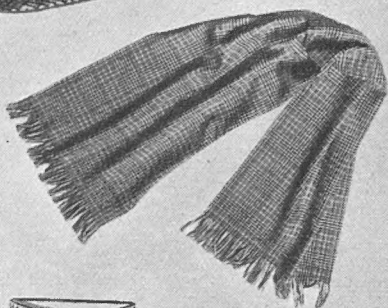
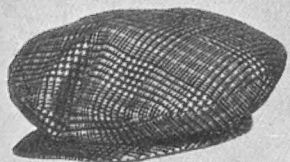
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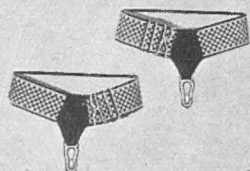


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a fiancée can possibly  
go wrong among these

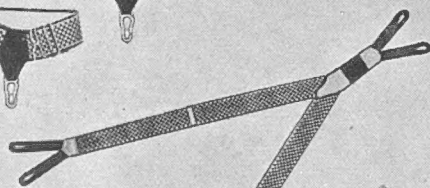
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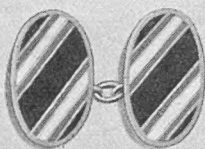


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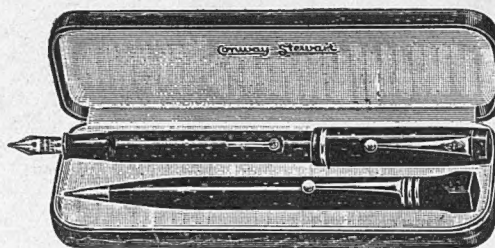
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